Volume XXXVI JANUARY 1946 *Number 1*

The Chicago Theological Seminary

REGISTER

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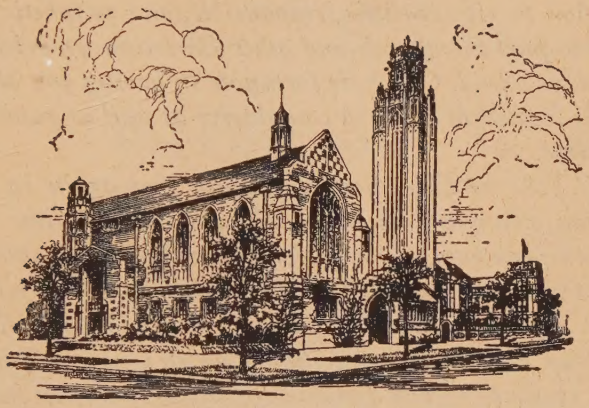

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PROGRAM FOR MINISTERS' WEEK, February 4–8, 1946

Greeting to the Alumni

FROM PRESIDENT-ELECT McGIFFERT

I hope one of your heartstrings still vibrates to the sound of C.T.S.

A seminary which serves the churches and ongoing as well as new Christian causes must periodically raise fundamental questions about its effectiveness in achieving its purposes. A change in administration is a good time to do so again. Each of you is in a position to give realistic, responsible, and prophetic judgments about the part the church and other Christian agencies will play in the days ahead. C.T.S. is fortunate in having you alumni strategically located so that you can observe as well as guide the trends of the time.

At C.T.S. we have pioneered again and again in theological education, changing our emphasis and methods time after time. Have you some hopeful ideas along these lines you would be willing to share with me? As you look back upon your experience in your student days and think of your present professional Christian work, you have some suggestions, haven't you, for making the C.T.S. student's course a more adequate preparation for Christian ministry and leadership?

One of the helpful services you can render your Seminary is to commend C.T.S. to promising young people at the high-school and college level who are or should be looking forward to full-time Christian service. Do please once again think over the young people of your acquaintance with this claim upon their lives in mind, and send me the names and addresses of those who, sooner or later, should be your successors at C.T.S. Select, if you can, someone who, as a future alumnus of C.T.S., will do an even better job than you are doing.

To return to C.T.S. after six years in another seminary is like coming home. I hope you will call on me soon or write me a letter.

A. C. McGIFFERT, JR.

THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY REGISTER

Published Four Times a Year, January, March, May, and November, by The Chicago Theological Seminary, 5757 University Avenue, Chicago 37, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1919, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress, August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, Authorized April 17, 1922.

The Chicago Theological Seminary

REGISTER

An Extension Service Bulletin Edited for Our Alumni and the Congregational Christian Ministers of the Middle West

FRED EASTMAN, *Editor*

VOLUME XXXVI JANUARY 1946 NUMBER 1

VALEDICTORY

By ALBERT W. PALMER

[*Dr. Palmer, retiring from the Presidency of The Chicago Theological Seminary, delivered the following address on December 13 at the dinner in his honor tendered to the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago by the Directors of the Seminary. Tributes to Dr. and Mrs. Palmer by the Directors, the Federated Theological Faculty, the Administrative Council, the alumni, and the students were offered on this and other occacions. Brief extracts from these tributes will appear in the March issue of the* REGISTER.]

LYMAN ABBOTT once said that he had always been more interested in standing at the prow of the ship looking forward than at the stern picking up the log. But sometimes it is good to read the log in order to know how far we have come and thus be able better to chart a future course. At this moment, when a change in Seminary leadership happens to coincide with a major crisis in human history, it may be both of interest and of value to make some record of where we have come in sixteen years.

The period from 1930 to 1946 began in the depression, though we were hardly aware of it at the time; included all of World War II, which also seemed to be only a "phony" war at the first; and has now brought us to the astounding opening of the atomic age. The dramatic demonstration of the practical truth of theories in nuclear physics which had hitherto seemed highly speculative suddenly changed the whole human outlook on August 6, 1945. As someone has suggested, we ought to have set our calendars ahead that day so as to make the next day read August 7, 2045.

During this period there have been some significant changes in personnel here in the Chicago area. Death has taken from our own faculty group beloved leaders like Ozora Davis, Frank G. Ward, Graham Taylor, Ben Robinson, and Arthur Holt; and, from the ranks of the Divinity School, friends and colleagues like J. M. P. Smith, James Breast-

ed, and Shailer Mathews. The Chicago Congregational Union, to which we are related, has lost Fred Reeve, Fred Newey, George R. Wilson, and Ernest Guthrie. And the civic life of Chicago has suffered great loss in the passing of Jane Addams, Mary McDowell, Clifford Barnes, and Julius Rosenwald. It is too soon to tell just who the new leaders are whom God is raising up to take the places of these stalwart workers for the common good, but we hope that possibly we have been and still are training some of their successors here in the Chicago Theological Seminary. Who has been training the successors to world figures like Lloyd George and Franklin D. Roosevelt we do not venture to say, but let us hope that no perverted geniuses are growing up to follow in the footsteps of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini!

In the world of theological education and closely related areas definite and outstanding changes of emphasis have taken place, for the most part encouraging and reassuring.

I

First of all, it can now be written down in the record that the social gospel has won an accepted place as an inescapable and valuable part of the total gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We now clearly recognize that Jesus' conception of the Kingdom of God was not an anarchy of good individuals but that the ethical principles of the New Testament are applicable to all the social relationships of life. Group morality and social ethics are now recognized as an important part of the total Christian message. When, right here in Graham Taylor Hall, Professor Holt made his creative pronouncement that the church had always followed the frontier with persistent ministry and deep concern and that the frontier was no longer geographical but is to be found in the social, economic, industrial, racial, and international tensions of our age, he really started the Council for Social Action. What was done at the Oberlin National Council of Congregational Churches in 1924 was only to give form and character to implement Holt's great prophetic insight. All this comes now into a still wider relationship as word comes back from Europe that Continental Christianity, which aforetime looked askance at the social gospel as mere "American activism," has now come, through the tragic experience of war, to realize that social groups and nations, as well as individuals, must be motivated and governed by the values and insights of Christian morals.

How this Christian social dynamic shall be worked into modern industry, how it can cleanse and rebuild the city slum, how it can eliminate race prejudice, discrimination, and injustice, and how it can replace war and violence by the spirit and techniques of nonviolence, good-will, and sacrificial service—these things are still on the agenda of modern Christianity. But they are there without any need for defense or apology for their presence. The only question is how to get them done. They are now accepted for substance of doctrine. Our task is to work them into the ritual and conduct of life. Professors Kincheloe and Obenhaus still have a challenging task before them.

II

As pressure to get the social gospel accepted as authentic and Christian has somewhat subsided, a new emphasis has arisen upon the need of a more thoroughgoing analysis and reappraisal of the whole substructure of theological thinking. If we challenged Europe with our social gospel, Europe has, in turn, challenged us, through Barthianism and the neo-orthodox movement, to examine once

more the whole thought structure basic to the Christian faith. It is noteworthy here that, while the Chicago Theological Seminary would hardly be classified as Barthian anywhere or by anybody, we have, nevertheless, not been unaware of this phase of theological thinking. The first American translation of one of Barth's major books, *The Word of God and the Word of Man*, was made by Douglas Horton while pastor of the United Church of Hyde Park, and one of the most searching and friendly yet discriminating critiques of Barthianism by an American theclogian is to be found in Professor Pauck's book, *Karl Barth: Prophet of a New Christianity?*

Probably the outstanding antithesis to neo-orthodoxy is the creative and stimulating naturalism set forth by Professor Wieman here on our own campus. Among the younger theologians who occupy a mediating position and who may yet interpret naturalism to the neo-orthodox and neo-orthodoxy to unrepentant and still defiant liberals, our own young professor Daniel Williams stands in a prominent and hopeful position, as is evidenced by an article of his on "The Perplexity and the Opportunity of the Liberal Theology in America" in the *Journal of Religion* for last July.

This important and necessary re-examination and buttressing of the theological bases of religious faith and practice is absolutely essential if the church is to build solidly and surely in these critical days. But it must not be a mere blind retreat into the past. We must live in touch with the best in contemporary science and philosophy. And ultimately an adequate theology has to be passed on to the laity in our churches. Deacons, trustees, and Sunday-school teachers cannot be effective if they are mere parrots of an outgrown traditional orthodoxy, or if, in reaction thereto, they are contemptuous of all theology. It is as a modest effort to try to meet this need that I have recently published *The Light of Faith: An Outline of Religious Thought for Laymen.*

Theology is just now the focus of attention for student interest. It is to be hoped that here on this campus, with our traditional life-end-first approach, we can be delivered from a theological emphasis which is content with indoctrination into mere verbalisms, or which seeks only the re-establishment of old dogmatisms or even the establishment of new ones. What we need is a theology that can give us a livable interpretation of the universe—all of it—including human personality, human history, divine revelation, and the crowning fact of Christ himself—a theology that will inspire us to take arms against a sea of troubles and struggle on toward the city of God. Professors Pauck, Wilder, Deems, and Williams have a great task cut out for them.

III

A third significant movement in our Seminary life has been the quiet change from a curriculum composed almost entirely of free electives to one in which there is a common core of eighteen definitely prescribed courses, practically two-thirds of the classroom work for the B.D. degree. Of course, there was much gentle guidance before, largely administered through the setting-up of comprehensive examinations. The student soon recognized that, in order to pass the "comps" in the various fields, it would probably be expedient to take some courses in those fields. But now we have set up, as definitely preparatory to the comprehensives, a spread of eighteen courses which pretty well box the compass in theological education. This leaves eleven more courses and a thesis subject to the student's free but not unguided selection.

This, we feel, is in line with the requirements of sound professional training in any area of life; and, when combined with our requirement for three units of field work and opportunities for clinical training, should result in a strong, well-balanced equipment of our graduates for their future tasks as parish ministers and spiritual leaders. While practical skills like pastoral counseling, preaching, and social survey and research are given due recognition in the eighteen "common-core" courses just mentioned, students welcome opportunity for still further training in these areas as well as other fields of special interest. We believe, therefore, that our present B.D. course is good professional training, and we make no apology for being a professional school preparing men for the ministry and women for various forms of religious service. The practical department—Professors Eastman, Snyder, Alderton, and whoever takes over my courses under the guidance of President McGiffert—faces great responsibilities.

Our concern just now ought to be that we train enough first-class competent young people for religious leadership. Recent studies by Professor Holman have shown a startling correlation between a decrease in Baptist theological students at the University of Chicago some years ago and an increase of fundamentalism in Baptist circles. It will not be sufficient for us to deliver a few choice competent ministers to the Congregational Christian churches of the Middle West and leave the majority of our churches open to Moody graduates or others of inadequate training. We must be turning out, year by year, enough graduates to fill the needs of the churches and not leave a ministerial vacuum.

This means a much greater emphasis on the selective enlistment of men for the Christian ministry than there has been hitherto. Such a task is not for the Seminary alone but for the denomination and the local church as well. It is earnestly commended to the attention of pastors, state superintendents, and all those higher statesmen who ponder and guide the course of our religious life.

IV

A final heartening development of the last sixteen years has been the growth of the ecumenical spirit. This both crystallized and took a new beginning in the great conferences at Oxford and Edinburgh in 1937. This movement toward Christian unity finds a ready response in a Seminary whose charter, granted in 1855, prescribes that it "shall be equally open to all denominations of Christians." It is in line, therefore, with our past and with the spirit of today that we have entered heartily into the opportunity presented to us here on the University of Chicago campus to join in a Federated Theological Faculty. This new development is working out happily and constructively largely because it was not an abrupt and fresh creation but only a tightening-up and more effective organization of what was already implicit and generally accepted among the four schools concerned. Of course, there are dangers. The Seminary might be swallowed up by its great and powerful neighbor, the University. A tendency toward barren academic scholasticism might dominate and destroy the evangelical outlook and warm spiritual life so necessary to the training of a vital ministry. But these things need not be, and will not happen, if those who guide the Seminary are alert, intelligent, and loyal and if the University maintains its present interest and concern not only in abstract theological scholarship but in professional ministerial training as well.

All these hopeful developments now

come to their time of testing. The atomic age has arrived! No man knows what changes it will bring, but they will be tremendous, and the greatest strain of all will be in the realm of spiritual values and moral standards. Never did the world stand so in need of wise, devoted Christian leadership as it does today. The future task is clear and almost overwhelming.

To the Directors of the Seminary, to its new president, Dr. McGiffert, and to Mr. Cashman, its business manager, such an age and such a favorable situation present a great argument for so reinforcing and administering the Seminary on the financial side and for so deepening and strengthening its rootage in the life of the churches of the Middle West as to insure its most effective service. A competent teaching and administrative staff must be given adequate financial backing. The wise and farsighted generosity of Victor Lawson must find its counterpart in many other equally devoted, though smaller, gifts that we may continue to have well-trained and able ministers for all our churches.

SONS OF PROPHECY

By ALFRED W. SWAN

[*Dr. Swan is the well-known minister of the First Congregational Church of Madison, Wisconsin, and one of the Directors of The Chicago Theological Seminary. He delivered this address at our Autumn Convocation.*]

IN THE first seven verses of the sixth chapter of Second Kings is an intriguing story of the relationship between Elisha and the sons of the prophets who were then coming along. Elijah had just gone up to heaven in a chariot of fire—as the age that is just passing has dissolved in fiery clouds. Elisha was having his own battles with leprous potentates and lecherous sycophants; but, when the young fellows came around, he gave them a hand. Now he was an admirable theological professor. He was not too busy when they came to him. And this Old Boy had a few tricks to show the young ones. Consider some of the reflections that this tale casts upon the spiritual plight of our own times.

You may be surprised to learn that your future business is not to preach the Bible. It is to preach about life, and to illumine it from the Bible, especially the Gospel, though it is much easier to preach from the Old Testament, because we have not caught up with the New.

But this particular tale turns some remarkable illumination on precisely the situation in which you, who are the entering students here, now find yourselves, as, we trust, potential Sons of Prophecy. Here are some of the things which this venerable tale suggests should govern your experience here.

I

For one thing, *you are about to enter, we hope, upon a period in your life of great intellectual, theological, and religious expansion.*

Observe that the sons of the prophets in Elisha's time complained that the place wherein they dwelt was too strait

for them. They found it confining, and they wanted more room. That was a good sign. Perhaps it was this yen for a more spacious experience that won the heart of Elisha to them. At any rate, nothing could more certify their fitness for training in the word of prophecy than the desire for expansion.

If any of you have come here without the expectation of looking for new ideas, then you have come too late. You are already approaching senility. If you are satisfied with what you have or have inherited, the expansion chambers of your mind are in a sorry state. If your religious ideas are preconceived, then your intellectual and spiritual life is already frozen.

As a matter of fact, you should expect and will probably experience, if you have not already in your undergraduate days, a period of theological ferment. You will challenge every religious belief of which you have heard. You may even generate an emotional resentment toward some of the most respectable and venerable. That is perfectly natural. On the theological level it is precisely like the adolescent experience of resenting the parental ties. You will be in the process of severing the umbilical cord of connection with the past spiritual life of man and of establishing your own independent spiritual experience and insight. Good; it is better for hay to sweat in the field than to sweat in the mow. You had better sweat it out here under the controlled conditions of a seminary than in the unpredictable conditions of a field of service. Challenge everything. Work out your own beliefs, until they are your own, under the expert guidance that is here available. Elaborate your grounds for theism; erect your defense of the gospel. Only be sure that these premises are not less spacious than those out of which you have come. There is nothing which you may not examine and appropriate in your search. The Christian Gospel does not say, "Hands off"; it says, "Reach hither thy hand—and touch the nail prints." Look for the evidence of love in the Son of Man.

Every generation must learn to know God all over again for itself. God is not a dead but a living reality, and the Son of Man so glorious a one that each generation must explore him for itself. Great spiritual upthrusts have come from the re-examination of the Jesus of history and of the social teachings of Jesus. What areas ought now especially to be explored only you can finally tell. Your teachers here can guide you; but not even they are capable of defining entirely the activity of the Spirit of God for your generation. The world has been broken apart, and there is not as yet a religious philosophy that can put it together again. It is to be your glorious privilege and terrible duty to fashion the theological edifice capacious enough to house a humanity whose religious domicile has been so largely destroyed.

There is much truth in the professional principle that you ought never to preach anything which you have not verified for yourself or that you have not chewed upon until you have made it your own. That, however, is probably not possible; for there will arise in your ministry many situations quite beyond your experience, so that you will have to drink from the cup of the experience of others and draw from the generous wells of tradition. And these will sustain and refresh you as you pass through social crises and personal trials and tragedies with your people. But try to add to every living situation the word of the moment that touches it with the fire of life. There are some things you cannot know until the end has verified them for you. But meanwhile strive to express in terms relevant to your generation the Word and Life eternal.

You are mistaken if you assume that

theological study is going to cramp your view of history and of life. Happily it will greatly expand your horizons and enlarge the premises of your spiritual residence. Expect that; strive for it.

II

Another suggestion, as you enter upon this period of theological exploration, is that *you take one of the Old Boys along with you.*

One of the wise ones of the sons of the prophets in Elisha's day said to him, "Be pleased, I pray thee, to go along with thy servants." And he answered, "I will go." Just like that. There was an Old Boy who, however weary his bones, was stimulated in his intellectual knees when invited to accompany the young men in their theological exploring parties. And he got up out of his easy chair and went down to the River of Life with them. Perhaps he remembered his own days when some still Older Boy led him along the devious paths to a relevant faith.

It is to be hoped that each of you will find at least one member of the Federated Theological Faculty who will open your eyes and be a Father of the Faith to you. If you find only one such, that may be enough. He'll go with you down to Jordan.

And while you are traveling together, the Old Boys will recite to you some of their own experience or relate what they heard from the Old Boys before them. Perhaps Elisha recited some of the mighty works of Elijah, who fought spiritual wickedness in high places, and brought down fire from heaven, saying, "Now who do you think is God?" What's the world saying today, when fire has fallen from heaven? Perhaps Elisha could tell a few things himself about kings who counted themselves too mighty to stoop to the use of common remedies for the cure of their own physical and spiritual ailments and about subordinates who surreptitiously received gratuities to which they were not entitled, thus jeopardizing the whole prophetic enterprise. The Old Boys have something; it's experience.

They also have the techniques of scholarship. It is for this that you are gathered here where they are. And if you are to travel in their company and they in yours, you must attain high scholarship. There is no satisfying place in a world of highly trained engineers, doctors, and professional men for an untrained, unscholarly ministry. Lay the foundation of sound scholarship in this place. Let not the enticements of relaxation or even of interesting and commanding field work cheat you of your potential heritage of theological learning. You ought here to know your way through the outline of Christianity, the story of our civilization. You should be familiar with the paths from Origen to Jerome, from Bede to Abelard, from Erasmus to Calvin, from Bunyan to Butler, from Schleiermacher to Rauschenbusch, from Bushnell to Barth. You should, before you are through this place, have traveled the trails from Jerusalem to Rome, Carthage to Lyons, Canterbury to Wittenberg, Leyden to Plymouth, and Boston to Chicago. You should know your way about the citadels and suburbs of Christendom. The Old Boys are here to help you find the way.

Not that scholarship is the primary business of the ministry, else the church be earth-bound with an arid intellectualism. The primary business of the ministry is a warmth of devotion to the spiritual plight of the age. And the primary business of a theological seminary, if I understand it at all, is not to train scholars but to train ministers. The distinguishing characteristic of the Christian God is that he is concerned about mankind. The seminary therefore is under first obliga-

tion to fill you with a quaking concern for men. Woe to the churches if the theological seminaries become mere graduate schools for the study without the practice of religious concern for human society! But scholarship should implement this concern with fit tools.

Sound scholarship will fend you from a lot of the mistakes of the past, which you will resurrect like a dog drags up old bones, thinking them new finds, when they are old errors. And true scholarship will penetrate the false front of contemporary sensualism and materialism and penetrate to the central ethical core of the human problem and illumine it with a divine light. It is the business of your teachers so to invest you with understanding.

Walk with some of these Old Boys. You may be surprised at the alacrity of their minds and touched by the warmth of their hearts, which are still seeking as are yours.

III

Again, the theological edifice you fashion here will be more substantial if you *build together*.

The sons of the prophets in Elisha's day said, "Let us go down to the Jordan, and let us take every man a beam, and let us make us a place there where we may dwell." You will not build a religious edifice that can stand unless you fashion it with others, in harmony of plan and execution.

The peril of the preacher is that he become soloist, upon which he will shortly find he is singing only to himself. It is in a concert of search for the divine solution to the human predicament that you will reach your greatest stature and hear the richest symphonies. You are in for a fine comradeship in the seminary and in the ministry, if you will make it so.

There are, it seems to me, opportunities for special development of learning the methods as well as the meaning of the ministry here. A class may work together on exploring the departments of pastoral care, so that one group researches in all the methods of the baptismal rite, historically and throughout contemporary Christendom. Similarly the marriage service might be studied for its mode and meaning. The service for the burial of the dead and for the celebration of their immortality in the Living Fellowship can be co-operatively investigated, reported on, understood, and appreciated. Carry this as far as you will, through the formal church service, the informal discussion program, and, indeed, on out into the social problems of the community, which can never be solved except by collective and co-operative action.

The perils of individualism in the ministry are many. But this is no time for isolationism of any kind. There is no international safety but collective security, and there is no domestic confidence but in social security. This fits into the whole pattern of the age. You will not understand it or yourself, if you do not understand this. . . . .

You are not an individualist. Let no one of any political faith or intellectual school try to tell you so. You do not make great decisions by yourself. You do not decide what food you will buy or what price you will pay for clothes; you do not decide whether you will go to war or whether you will go to seminary on your own. You decide in collaboration with your fellow-citizens and with the citizens of a great many other cultures who make up our interwoven world. What we will build for good or for ill in the future we will build together. . . . .

Consider how the forces now liberated in the world are to be controlled, the most illustrious of which, as yet, is the mighty atom.

A tear for the world,
A cosmic erratum;
Started with Adam,
Ended with atom.

No, not ended yet, please God. But it will never be managed by men as individuals. What can you or I do as individuals against such force? The only security we have is to make the technical knowledge of such force common property, agree first upon how it shall not be used, and then proceed to harness its enormous energies to the production of goods so abundant that the masses will not by any economy under heaven be denied their just abundance. Here, then, is the paradox: that physically disruptive forces are making for social cohesion, if not through fear through sympathy.

The key to the understanding of our age is its social cohesion. There are all kinds of attempts to turn back the clock of spiritual progress. In the name of religion attempts are made to mobilize the forces of social and political reaction. False bogeys of the state are interjected, when, as a matter of fact, the social service state is much more nearly Gospel Christian than a lot of class-conscious churches. Stand up to this issue like men and shoulder to shoulder heave into place the beams that will sustain the edifice of a society worthy of the powers now in our hands.

Ever remember that this institution, set as it is in the midst of the social milieu of a great city at the heart of the continent, has a great tradition of concern for the social gospel. It runs way back to springs in Bushnell and Bascom and Gladden and Updike and flowed down through Taylor and Mullenbach and Holt. Acquaint yourselves with what they wrought; it will warm your blood and prepare you for your own battles and for the building you must fashion, when, God knows, you will need all the strength you can get. Because this is an age of social integration, you must learn to build with others, as you will build on others, and should build for others who come after you.

The genius of our day is unity of life. This must display itself in the unity of the church, which begins so fortunately in a faculty federated here from several ecclesiastical and academic backgrounds. Each church must in some sense contribute a log to the new edifice, until from the far cedars of Lebanon or the near pines of Wisconsin we have built the temple that is called beautiful.

You will erect no more stately theological mansion, until you have learned here, attuned by music, sympathy, and prayer, to build together.

IV

Once more, *look to the shining implements of your trade*. They may be as humble as an ax head, though they be ground with carborundum. And sometimes they are lost.

So it was with the sons of the prophets. In the enthusiasm of youth they swung their tools until an ax head, carelessly loose, fell in the river. Ah, what a to-do! But the man of God, the Old Boy, said, "Where is it?" And, when he was shown, he showed them a trick or two. He retrieved the lost implement and put it back in their hands to use.

Now you say, "Why do you bring that one up? Are we going to have to believe miracles?" No; but you may enjoy them. And they are wonderful teaching devices. For there are some dimensions of life, as Walt Disney has conclusively demonstrated, that cannot be portrayed save in the realms of imagery beyond the prosaic literal. And this story is superb illustration of how what has been lost may be recovered by the wise and re-

stored to the waiting hands of ready workmen.

It is possible here to suggest but one that may so emerge for you out of the life stream of the age and shine before your eyes: As by one man, Adam, came sin and death, so by one man, Christ, came light and life. As surely as the evil of the atom has been gendered by Adamic man, so certainly may its power be redeemed from destruction to life by Christian man. We are not to despair. Here is a hardy humanism, albeit touched with a vast humility, we Christians need never forfeit. Let us cherish it as a tool.

I hope you have already discovered a Latin motto hid somewhere around this place. I believe it was favorite of Dr. Davis: *Si crucem portas, portabit te:* "If you can carry the cross, it will carry you." You will not be a Christian prophet until you have verified this in experience. May you not shun the gift of prophecy. For the word of God is not yet uttered in its fullest way. That we cannot in our day do; nor you. Yet you must undertake this immortal task.

May your study in this place so reveal to you the shining tools of our faith, submerged in the river of the age, that you may be able to grasp them and reveal them to others, even as these Old Boys here, who already look upon you in hope, will have revealed them to you. And when you are come down to Jordan, may you say in the beautiful words at the end of the *Oxford Book of English Verse:*

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And the power must fail and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small,
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

INNER HARVESTS

By BERNARD E. MELAND

[*Dr. Meland, Professor of Constructive Theology in the Federated Theological Faculty, has just come to us from the Faculty of Pomona College. He is the author of* Modern Man's Worship *and* Write Your Own Ten Commandments, *and co-author with Henry Nelson Wieman of* American Philosophies of Religion. *He delivered the following address at a recent Vesper Service in Graham Taylor Hall.*]

I

TWO lines of Scripture give overtone to what I shall say in this meditation on inner harvests. One is the very old saying, "God formed man out of the dust of the ground." The other is from Jesus' parable, "The Kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field."

October in the Middle West, where I grew up as a boy, is a glorious month. It is the time when the oak leaves take on a deep red and the sumac shrubs become aflame. It is the time when the maple is turning, and soon their groves will seem

transparent in the sun. If you lived near a wheat field, you would look out upon a soft sheen of tan that glistens in the sunlight; and, in the evening, when the moon is just right, the field of wheat lies like the desert sand. But the sights you never forget are the shocks of corn, standing like regiments of stuffed Indians in the field; and the pumpkins, looking like full moons, lying carelessly around. Along the roadside you see the goldenrod and the purple aster.

I lived among these October scenes in the Middle West long enough to taste some of the bitter fruit of autumn as well. It was, of course, the time of harvest. Threshers would come to the vicinity. The men and boys of the neighborhood would join together with them, and we would go from farm to farm. Being one of the smallest of the crew, I was always put on the stack, high up under the eaves of the barn (unless the stack was outside). My job was to catch the straw as it puffed out of the shoot and to pile it around in the loft. You wouldn't know what a spot that was unless you, too, had stood at the mouth of a reaper and breathed in the straw dust that it belched forth. This, too, was autumn in the Middle West.

Late in October, you would rise early in the morning to husk corn for feeding the stock. A frost would have gathered on the shocks of the corn during the night; still you husked and shelled the corn with bare hands. Between the razor-edged corn leaves and the sharp points of the cob, you usually left the field with your fingers smarting and frost-bitten. To this day, when I think of late autumn, I feel the sharp wounds and the ache of cold that has settled deep inside.

Mixed as these memories are, intermingling the glory of the maple and the oak, with the weariness and pain of harvesting, I still say the words "autumn" and "harvest" with a kind of reverence. When I read of the ceremonials that were celebrated in the old agricultural faiths, I find myself joining in heartily with these ancient worshipers. I can understand their reverence for these places of the earth. A strange emotion stirs me when I read the lines from Exodus: "And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the first fruits of wheat harvest; and the feast of ingathering at the year's end. Thrice in the year shall all your men children appear before the Lord God."

Autumn is easily the earth's hour of triumph—the season for which long months of growing were endured. Yet these days that are so glorious carry overtones of culmination. Writes Donald Peattie in *Almanac for Moderns:*

> What I love best in autumn is the way that Nature takes her curtain, as the stage folk say. The banners of the marshes furl, droop, and fall. The leaves descend in golden glory. The ripe seeds drop and the fruit is cast aside. And so with slow chords in imperceptible fine modulations the great music draws to its close, and when the silence comes you can scarce distinguish it from the last far-off strains of the woodwinds and the horns.

Nature has a way of coming to completion in noble form in October. "I cried over beautiful things," wrote Carl Sandburg, "knowing no beautiful thing lasts." This, too, is autumn—

> When time has gone its way, we ask,
> Will we remember these October days?

Curiously enough, dwelling upon these autumn scenes, the mind inescapably moves toward this tragic sense of life. In the midst of its enchanting beauty, you see a leaf fall, and immediately the problem of dissolution is upon you. There is one sure antidote to the spell of autumn when it comes in this aspect. It is the ripening of an inner harvest.

II

The harvest that gathers within us is not unlike the harvest of the outer earth. It, too, is the ripening of what has long been growing—seed planted in good or bad soil. It follows upon alternating cycles of rest and of days full with activity. It struggles through storms that rip and rend the tender bark; it runs a course of sameness, not unlike the almost unendurable months of July and August heat. And all the time, beginning with the seed that was planted deep in our consciousness, the miracle of maturing continues as something sheltered and inward. We do not uncover this budding growth, or rend the tender stem, to see what is happening. Amid the outer bombast of storm and the monotony of summer heat, we let what is silently happening just happen. Neither do we work overmuch at hastening the growth. Man does not make anything grow. He provides the conditions for growth. Growth is the silent process before which he can only wait and marvel. For growth is the working of God.

I say this inner harvest that gathers in us is an antidote to the spell of autumn when it comes upon us in the aspect of dissolution: I do not mean that human growth defies the natural processes of nature.

When in October, death encloses man,
An autumn curtain closes after him;
And you will know, when all the folds unfurl,
That *he* has *joined* the earth's recessional.

But man joins that recessional in a way that the falling leaf and withering sprig can never emulate. He does so with a kind of creativity that transcends the act of dissolution.

This creative working is often most evident in times of crises such as war, when the extremities of existence press into consciousness. It is too early to see the full harvest of the war that has just closed; but some of you remember the fruits of the spirit that came out of the first World War. When men were in the thick of battle, when each day they faced the possibility of dissolution; or, living in the midst of dying men, when they could hardly see beyond the next casualty, they wrote works of enduring worth, read essays, wrote and read poems. Friedrich Heiler, working as an intern in a German hospital, was writing during the spare hours of those difficult days that memorable work, *Prayer* (*Das Gebet*), which has since become a classic in that field. Heiler lived to have it bring him fame as one of Germany's foremost post-war theologians.

Fliers behind the lines, waiting for their next assignment, learned to grasp from the swift-moving current of violent events some soft-spoken idea from an ancient classic that carried within it creative reflection. A French pilot, recalling experiences of the last war, said:

> Our work went along well enough when we were able to fly. It was when the weather clouded, or when, for days, it rained unceasingly, that our spirits fell. It was then that we would reach into our pack for something we might have taken along—the Bible, or some other book, to redeem us from our depression. I remember on one of these occasions, finding in my pack a copy of Montaigne's *Essays*. I read a little of it and it helped.

There were those, too, who carried these resources within their own spirits—a way of looking out upon scenes, otherwise drab and disillusioning, and catching in them something that lighted up the world before them. Alan Seegar was such a one. You remember his familiar poem, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death." Some of his finest literature appeared in letters that he wrote to his mother in 1914 from France. Though an American, he en-

listed in the Foreign Legion of France three weeks after the war had begun. Listen to this description of a training ground just this side of the battlefield as seen through these sensitive eyes:

> The early rising hour is splendid for it gives one the chance to see the most beautiful part of these beautiful autumn days in the South. We march up to a lovely open field on the end of the ridge behind the barracks, walking right into the rising sun. From this the panorama, spread about on three sides is incomparably fine—yellow cornfields, vineyards, harvest-fields where the workers and their teams can be seen moving about in tiny figures—poplars, little hamlets and church-towers, and far away to the south the blue line of the Pyrenees, the high peaks capped with snow. It makes one in love with life, it is all so peaceful and beautiful. But Nature to me is not only hills and blue skies and flowers, but the Universe, the totality of things, reality as it most obviously presents itself to us; and in this universe strife and sternness play as big a part as love and tenderness, and cannot be shirked by one whose will it is to rule his life in accordance with the cosmic forces he sees in play about him.

Death to Alan Seegar was part of "this reality as it most obviously presents itself." Whether at "some disputed barricade," "on some scarred slope of battered hill," or "at midnight in some flaming town"—in all these circumstances he calmly recognized "I have a rendezvous with death—and to my pledged word am true, I shall not fail that rendezvous."

It is too early, as we have said, to gather in the spiritual fruit of this last war; but we can be sure that there was a ripening of spirit that went on in a thousand places in the fires of war! We got a glimpse of what is forthcoming in that sensitive document, *Wind, Sand, and Stars* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Commenting upon this beautiful and profoundly moving book, Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote: "Sometimes one waits years for these strange inner harvests, these emotions recollected in tranquility."

One of my former students from Pomona College wrote me from "Somewhere in Germany" just as the Third Army was beginning preparations for the winter push. He described the state of mind of the men whom he commanded and the conditions under which they had lived for weeks through the interminable autumn rains. Small tents were all that shielded them from the weather: Outside, the rain and mud; inside, the light of a torch and whatever they were able to think about. Sitting there, waiting for the winter drive to begin, his thoughts had gone back to Claremont, and to seminar evenings around our fireplace where we had talked, several of us, about the issues that now loomed so real. This was what sustained him, now, "the things we talked about," as he looked out through the night and rain to what might come anytime.

These things would be too poignant to speak of were they not, in themselves, redemptive. But where spirit rises in a man to triumph over the realization of his own dissolution, his final words become not a lament, but a requiem. These strange inner harvests, for which we wait years, bring healing to the hurt of this tragic sense that comes with autumn.

III

I have been speaking of instances that seem quite singular—the gathering of spirit in remarkable young men under circumstances that are likewise unusual. Yet, each of us has known something of these inner harvests. For you cannot live this human life without something of spirit forming—on the fringe, or at the core of your being. The harvests that gather in our own natures are perhaps less exciting, less arresting; but to us who

have them they have their own intensities. There is a strange mystery that works on in all of us which shapes us more sensitively than we intend. The sheltered recesses that harbor the emotions we dare not reveal send up intimations of our whole nature. These we reluctantly expose, even to ourselves. The conscious mind guards us against their tender intrusions, lest we allow them to speak too publicly through us. Yet we do not conceal them wholly. For we cannot. Spirit is a persistent intruder. And the gates of self-consciousness cannot permanently prevail against it. And so we, too, write poems, or preach a sermon, or state our mind in some way, even if only in conversation with a friend—and the hidden self is out, the fragile depths of our being well up into view.

These inner harvests, of course, may not communicate themselves through words. They may be skills. The acquiring of skills has always sobered me. I never cease to have a kind of childlike wonder before this miracle. It works so imperceptibly—without ostentation, silently, yet with the steadiness of time itself. "A head of pressure accumulates unnoticed," to use Cabot's phrase, "till suddenly it forces us on. Looking back we can see the growth," though in the process we are unaware of it. Seeing these results in others is like looking on another of nature's harvests, a culmination of the season's growing.

Often a certain reticence, or the inability to express ourselves vividly as persons, leaves us obscured. There are powers there. We feel them, ourselves. They well up in us as emotion or insight. Yet they are not communicated until these skills that we achieve lift us from our nonentity and express us without self-consciousness. Released from self-consciousness, we emerge out of ourselves as authentic persons. Skills are wonderfully objective for conveying what is most ripened in us. And this is not our doing alone. This is the creativity that works on in all nature, bringing all growing life to its intended harvest.

IV

You see what I am trying to say here: Each of us is the center of a miracle—the miracle of God, creating spirit out of clay. That is the meaning I gather from that ancient tale which says, "God formed man out of the dust of the ground." That old, old story, told many times in different ways, but always as a child would understand it, is a parable that tells of this gentle working in the world and in each of us. It is illumined by the many parables of growth which Jesus is said to have related, announcing the kingdom within. The creativity of God, unending, unabated—obstructed, but never permanently so! It is so silent that there are no ears to hear it; so subtle that the eye does not see it; so mighty that no power of man can emulate it. And we are the occasions through which this creativity fashions the earth of his hand into spirit. This is what flares with the brilliance of the yellow maple in sensitive young lives of genius. It is what gathers in you where reflective thought and skills are forming. Once you see this vision of yourself you can never look upon yourself as commonplace; nor can you look upon other people as commonplace. They, too, are these miracles of God—spirit rising like a flame, an autumn coloring, the fruit of ripened growth—*inner harvests*.

ON CHRISTIAN LOVE

By Daniel D. Williams

[*Dr. Williams, Associate Professor of Christian Theology, has contributed many articles to theological and religious journals and is author of* The Andover Liberals. *He graduated from C.T.S. in 1934, winning the Traveling Fellowship in that year. He took his work for the doctorate at Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary and was called back to be a member of the Faculty after a pastorate in Colorado Springs and two years of the deanship of the Chapel of the College of Colorado Springs.*]

I HAVE just given another sermon about Christian love and have come away dissatisfied. I am convinced that we ministers ought to do less talking about love in general and more explaining of what it means in particular. As a Christian I know that love sums up the moral law. I know that love for my neighbor is a condition of knowing God. I know that without love all knowledge, power, or even self-sacrifice is as nothing. I also know whom I am to love, for Jesus made this perfectly clear in the parable of the Good Samaritan. My neighbor is any man who is in need, and I owe him the love which I have received from God. But when you ask me just what loving my neighbor means, too often I mumble some obvious platitude or remark vaguely that "this would be a good topic for some future meeting." It does little good to convince a congregation on Sunday morning that we "ought to love our brother" without some facing of just what this would mean practically for a broken home, or for the man who has lost his job because of the color of his skin, or for the businessman whose employees have just joined the C.I.O. This is where the difficulties begin; but so much the more reason for facing them.

COMMON ERRORS

A truer understanding of what love requires is often blocked by some common errors about it. Without dwelling upon them, we can mention a few. One is that love in the Christian sense means a universal human affection. Actually the love which in the New Testament is usually named *agapē* has nothing directly to do with human affection. To be sure, emotional attachments enrich life, and they may lead to the love of which we are speaking; but they are not the same thing. To love men in the sense of *agapē* does not mean to like them. How could it mean this? Most of the human family we do not know and never will. Others, alas, we know only too well. We are not obliged to have the same "feeling" for all. I recall a sermon of Reverend Samuel Shoemaker's which made this clear to me; and I could hope that many would be spared this confusion.

Again we err if we give the name of Christian love to any sort of amiable and kindly behavior. Love is gentle and kind, and these virtues are so precious that we may come to think they make up the whole meaning of love. But there are places in life where the tenderhearted are likely to fail to do the thing which love requires. In politics and, I believe, in the classroom the desire not to hurt feelings can easily result in a spineless and destructive failure to help. Jacques Barzun confirms this in his remark based on years of teaching experience, "Most of the heartburnings in the academic world

come from somebody's yielding to the temptation to be nice at the wrong time." I have known some great battlers for the Kingdom, and they were by no means all of the tender-souled type. Some were rough and even crude in manner; but they spoke plainly and did what had to be done.

There is, again, the false notion that love is a mysterious superpower which we can possess as we would a secret weapon and that if only we wield the power of love, nothing can stand in the way of the Kingdom of God. A year or so ago some of the leaders of one branch of American Protestantism soberly declared that "love is the strongest force in the universe, and it needs no other power to protect it or sustain it." This sounds impressive, but it is largely mistaken. Love as we know it is something which lives in persons, and persons are many things besides pure spirits. They are bodies, bundles of economic needs, political units, parts of institutions. Love exists in the midst of these forces; it is not a substitute for them. It cannot be an alternative to law, political power, coercion, or organization. It needs all of these as the soul needs the body. We are to love *with all our heart and soul and mind and strength.* That means that love must do its work under the conditions and limitations of our human existence.

WHAT CHRISTIAN LOVE MEANS

Say, then, that by love we mean a certain attitude and behavior characterizing living persons. We mean that wholesouled will to the good which a man can express toward God and his neighbor. "The will to the good"—what is this in life as we live it?

1. *To love my neighbor means to make an honest effort to understand him.* This is the simple beginning of all Christian love, yet how easily we forget it. I am not now talking about understanding in the sense of trying to "feel sympathetic" toward my neighbor. Of course, this is important; but I am talking about understanding in the realistic sense of trying with all our minds to see our neighbor as he is. This means to see his problems, his temptations, his interests. Certainly it means to see his faults. Love is the opposite of undiscriminating approval. It demands even the unflattering truth. And it seeks to know men in their deepest hopes, their hidden possibilities, for these too are part of the truth about them.

To seek such understanding is the work of love, for it is the precondition for doing what love requires. We can say also that it is the work of love because it requires the spirit of love to achieve real knowledge. Can you burn your prejudices in the fire of good will? Can you face an unpleasant truth about someone you admire? Can you see the good lying beneath the twisted soul? Only by grace can we know our neighbor truly. Even in our very effort to help someone we may forget to see him as he is. Ministers have to reckon with this. An English minister tells this experience:

> Once when I was a chaplain of a big hospital I was foolish enough to invite six vicars to preach on the six Sunday afternoons of Lent in the hospital chapel. At the end the nurses begged me never to do so again. They said that after listening to six sermons on the trials and opportunities of a nurse's life, they would like to forget they were nurses and only remember that they were women.

Love means to give my neighbor what he needs, not what I think he needs. What a delicate business it is!

2. *Love means laying the foundations for a free and equal comradeship of persons.* There are more conventional ways of saying this; but we are trying to see love at work in the daily life of men, and there, for the most part, it is the patient,

plodding work of preparing the way for the growth of a new relationship among people. So much of the work of love is necessarily ground-clearing, obstacle-removing, preparation rather than realization. If I want to get a sense of reality into my attempt to live the Christian life, I must ask, "Where around me are the obstacles which separate me from my brother?" We know the most glaring ones. They are the social inequalities, injustices, institutionalized wrongs which first hold us apart and then set us at one another's throats.

This is why so much of the work of love must take the form of the struggle for justice. We must be grateful to Gregory Vlastos, among others, for keeping this constantly before us. Justice is less than that comradeship which love seeks; but justice is a precondition of the higher good. To talk of love where I am not willing to seek justice is sentimental self-deception. The sign in a union headquarters is on the right track, "Love thy neighbor, but organize him."

LOVE AND THE RACE PROBLEM

The Christian struggle with the race problem can be seen primarily as a matter of practical attack on injustices rooted in race. Often the Christian demand for racial brotherhood is put into grandiose terms, as if we were to set out to build a united human family in one generation. I think that many laymen sense something unreal in this program, and they are right. We will not create a brotherhood of men in our time or any foreseeable future, though we may create small groups which presage it. Ours is the far humbler task of working here and now to break down those walls which stand in the way of any healthy growth of personal relationships among different races. Discrimination in restaurants, one-race congregations, bad schools, worse housing, economic injustices—these are the things which challenge love to action. Until these are changed, the larger brotherhood must wait.

Here is Lillian Smith's description of what we have done to ourselves in America by trying to fence off one race from another:

> We white people got into deep trouble long ago when we attempted to enslave other human beings. A trouble we have never faced fully and never tried with all our strength to solve. Instead, we have tried to push it away from us, and in trying, we have used a mechanism so destructive that it . . . . has become a menace to the health of our culture and our individual souls. Segregation is a way of life that is actually a form of cultural schizophrenia. . . . . It is a little chilling to note the paranoid symptoms of those among us who defend segregation; their violence, their sensitiveness to criticism, their over-esteem of themselves, their desire to withdraw from everything hard to face.

Wherever we are shutting out from ourselves the normal claims of other human beings on our good will and our concern, there we are storing up trouble for ourselves. There love has a problem to work at.

FORGIVENESS AS WELL AS JUSTICE

The foundation of human comradeship must be laid not only through justice but also through forgiveness. Can we make plain what forgiveness means in our daily life? Usually we think of it as a supreme act which comes at the climax of a drama of reconciliation. It seems like such an intimate, personal, and extraordinary thing that we fail to see its place in the routine of life. But forgiveness is not only to be given in isolated moments. As a quality of spirit it belongs to every moment of the life of love. The clue to this truth was given by Jane Addams when she wrote that in wholesome

human relationships there must be a "forgiveness in advance." That is, there is a sense in which the attitude of forgiveness must qualify all our dealings with one another. To forgive your brother means to keep a charitable and merciful attitude toward him at all times. It means to refuse ever to judge another solely in terms of your resentments or your righteous indignation. It means forever to remember that the future good is more important than any past wrong.

Forgiveness does not cancel out moral criticism or just punishment. If human society needs elements of restraint and punishment, even in terrible forms, then love will accept the necessity; but it will keep alive the merciful and reconciling spirit in the midst of political necessities.

If forgiveness is limited to the personal reconciliation of enemies, then I cannot see much place for it in the major rifts in humanity today. Nations as nations rarely if ever forgive, and we have no personal contact with most of our enemies. But to think and act in these days without malice and with a universal charity in heart and mind—this is what forgiveness can mean for every Christian everywhere. This spirit will be nourished by a common realization of the tragedy in which we have all been involved, by an honest confession that no one is without guilt for what has happened, and by the acknowledgment that each one of us stands in need of the forgiveness of God.

It may be objected that, in stressing this practical content of love, we are neglecting its deepest meaning, namely, the spiritual comradeship of Christians with one another. There does come to Christians a companionship of life-in-the-spirit in which each soul lies open to the other, and all find a supreme fellowship under God. I would not minimize the importance of this highest achievement of love; but there is a good reason why it is better to put the emphasis on laying the foundations for it. The reason is that the higher fellowship is not something we can directly create. I doubt very much if it is even meaningful to seek it directly. It is a gift of God which comes when we have fulfilled the conditions. There is no technique for creating this deeper Christian communion. This must grow, and we delude ourselves when we think we can by taking thought bring it to pass. I have seen with my own eyes a book of folk songs which has on its cover the legend, "World Fellowship through Song." The self-deception here, possibly harmless, is a symptom of a serious error which beclouds much of our thought about love. We speak as if the fellowship of love were something easily created, and we attach this precious name to almost any kind of aggregation of human beings. But fellowship is no matter of handshaking and community singing. It grows where men and women are giving their lives in working, suffering, clashing, serving together under God. Reality in the Christian life comes when we think of love primarily as doing this day what needs to be done. We know that in God's own good time he will lead us into the deeper fellowship of his spirit.

WILLINGNESS TO BE TRANSFORMED

3. *Finally, love means the willingness to allow ourselves to be transformed as the common good requires.* Would we talk of love as lightly as we do if we stopped to think what changes in ourselves the way of love requires? You cannot love and remain what you are, for love means the will to do what is required for the sake of your brother, and that means transformation of your own life. When I love my brother, I find new demands put upon me which my old habits and way of life cannot meet. There is risk and adventure in

this way, for no man can say where the will to love will lead him.

Something has been made in recent theology of a supposed distinction between sacrificial and mutual love. Reinhold Niebuhr has pointed out that if by mutual love we mean a relationship in which there are mutual benefits, then there must be a higher love—the sacrificial love revealed in Christ. Dr. Niebuhr's emphasis is sound. Christian love is sacrificial. But I do not believe that there is any absolute distinction between mutual and sacrificial love for the simple reason that all genuine mutuality has a sacrificial aspect. If I really love my neighbor, I am willing to do what his good requires, and this means the sacrifice of those things which stand in the way of that true mutuality which is a free and equal comradeship.

Love is a beautiful word; but we know also that it is a terrible word, a word of fire and judgment and revolution. It demands that we allow our habits, our interests, yes, even some of our cherished ideals, to be broken to pieces for the sake of the greater good which is pressing upon us. It means the pain of breaking out of the shell of self-centeredness. It means standing in the midst of life and seeing it as it is, without fear. This is why even in the greatest saints the struggle with love still goes on, sometimes even more intensely for them than for the rest of us. That we can begin to live in the spirit of love I do believe; but we are far from perfect, and with God's help we must rewin the right way again and again. In the way of love, life is found only on the other side of losing it.

The attempt to speak plainly about love leads always to a stronger sense of its mystery. We cannot unwrap the mystery of love as we would tear the paper off a box. We can only keep our eyes fixed upon the place where love makes itself known. This is no strange and far-off realm. This is in the plain, familiar life which is given to us to live. Jesus began there when he sought to illuminate this mystery. He began with a man wounded by the roadside, with a repentant son on the road home.

SIX MINISTERS OF TOMORROW

[In a recent class in "Biographies of the Nineteenth Century" several students presented, in fulfilment of one of the assignments, brief autobiographical sketches concerning their heredity, early environment, schooling, and other factors that influenced their developing personalities. These have proved so interesting in their frank self-revelation and in the light they shed on the backgrounds of some of our students that we share them with our alumni. The reader will not miss the significant fact that the adolescent years of all of these young candidates for the ministry were in the period of the depression.]

George D. Alley

I WAS born, six weeks ahead of schedule, in the town of Asheville, North Carolina, on August 8, 1922. Despite my impatience at getting here, which my mother claims has been an outstanding characteristic ever since, I was welcomed most heartily by my parents.

My father .... well, somehow we never got very well acquainted. Dad had some peculiar ideas about success, and these led him from one thing and one place to another. If he had any specific profession, it probably came as close to civil engineering as anything else, but when I arrived on the scene he was managing an office of Western Union. Later he entered the real estate business—a job which placed the family temporarily in the proverbial lap of luxury, but which folded completely in the 1929 crash. It was then, when I was seven, that my father left home. I often received letters from him, but these gave no hint of his doing anything of importance during the depression years. I saw him only twice during the eight years which passed from 1929 until the week following my graduation from high school, when word came that he had succumbed to a heart attack.

My mother and I had plenty of time in which to get acquainted during these years. "Mom" taught school, first grade, beginning when I was three and continuing to do so ever since. Without a doubt, she has been the most influential factor in my life. Her interests in art, music, and literature made home a place for the development of keen young minds and vibrant spirits. My companions and I found a large measure of encouragement there for anything of value that we wished to undertake, and we learned much of the exciting parts of growing up under her supervision. Her continued enthusiasm and encouragement for all that I have chosen to do, on up through college and seminary, have been invaluable.

About my mother's forebears, nothing is known. Her mother died when she was born, and her father was killed in a train accident a few weeks later. Even the people who adopted, raised, and educated her have been dead for many years. In fact, I am the only person of blood relation that she has ever known, and loneliness has been an ever present factor in her life. She was aptly christened "Solita."

On my father's side there falls the shadow of a prolific family tree. The fruit has been both good and spotty. In one generation, immediately preceding my father's, the tree bore an Episcopal bishop, a superior court judge, and a prison inmate, two uncles and grandfather, respectively. My father's mother is still living at the age of eighty-two, having been a widow for forty years. Her people, Irish for two hundred years back, helped

settle the original Greenwich Village in New York and Fort Dearborn in Chicago. Her knowledge of languages, ability at chess, and love of history have made her one of the stimulating people I knew as a boy. Much of what I learned out of school came from weekly visits in her home.

I should mention too, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Roberts, retired professors and neighbors of ours, who have been grandparents to me all my life. Several of Carolina's more interesting people attended their private school, and they are principal characters in Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel.* Latin, history, and music, as well as the more intensive studies of seminary, have made us companions in the pursuit of knowledge through these years. Out of all this I feel that my mother and grandmother gave great impetus to my life, perhaps more than school, or church, or any other personalities with whom I have come in contact.

What may be considered my adult years have been spent in Berea College and C.T.S. With its great tradition for training mountain students, Berea, did as well by me as I would let it, and it is impossible to say too much about the values for growth derived from professors there. Each summer's experience away from the academic world—some in quest of financial security, some for professional growth and maturity—has made a real difference.

Through these twenty-three years has steadily grown an interest in people, and with it a desire to understand and help meet their needs. If there has been a purpose at all, and if it is a single one now, then it is toward combining training and experience with opportunity to become prophet and priest—certainly both together—in the Christian church.

I often tell my wife that I have had all the breaks. There may have been opposition and handicaps, but they have been negligible. I had infantile paralysis and spent the summer following graduation from high school in bed with a nervous breakdown, but neither has left any noticeable defects. Socially, my mother's position in the community brought me in contact with people who certainly did nothing to retard my progress. I have gone hungry at times, and I am still accepting gratefully the articles of outgrown or cast-off clothing that come my way. But aside from making me a bit overanxious about security, no harm has been done through economic hardship. Working my way through college and seminary has been an asset, not a liability.

The look in my mother's eyes that night in November of 1929 when my father left home; the various steps of progress, symbolized by speeches and diplomas, through the grades, high school, and college; Seth Huntington's sermon on Christian service in the Berea pulpit; the feel of my wife's hand at our wedding on June 11, 1944; the confidences of friends as we left our first church in Oregon this past September—all have been vivid impressions. These, with many more now forgotten, have had a lasting effect.

D. CONRAD BURTON

On January 16, 1922, in Des Moines, Iowa, I became the first of six children in the G. D. Burton family. This immediate family group was augmented by father's mother, who lived with us some thirteen years. I seem to have inherited a sound and active body and a fairly able but lazy mind, the latter characteristic being conditional in the sense that the inertia of my mind is offset by an equal amount of momentum when it once gets stirred into action. The big difficulty lies in finding a persistent "stirrer."

My home was marked by a peculiar conservatism. There was little incentive to explore ideas for the sake of gaining new insights, and, as a result, little reading was done in the home. This manner of living had its roots in my parents' background. My father's parents were Kentuckians. Grandfather died before my birth, much to my loss, and though he is eulogized by all his six children, none of them seems inclined to follow his pattern of living which was pioneering in thought and deed. However, Grandmother's thought-pattern seems to have been adopted by most of the children. Coming from aristocratic mountain people, she had an excellent mind and was well educated but never escaped the prejudicial manner of thinking common to the old mountain clans. Though she read incessantly on current events, she did so to confirm preconceived notions, and to a degree I seem to have adopted this unhealthy attitude.

My mother's parents both came from well-to-do families with cultured tastes and accomplishments. The difficulty lay in Granddad, who was a colorful black sheep. The resulting lack of security made mother a little overpractical and cautious in her whole outlook, and I have inclined in the same direction.

But, all in all, my home life has been conducive to full living. Though my parents were unable to complete their education, both stressed the desirability of my doing so, and both have worked to that end. Apart from them, I can think of no particular persons who played any determining role in my early life.

A brief sketch of my life runs something like this: I was a real scholar in grammar school—head of my class—but my scholastic accomplishments soon lagged and by the time of high-school graduation I was in the lower half of a class of five hundred. With the crash of 1929, father was forced out of business, we lost our newly built home, and a trying period began. I started to work in a grocery store at the age of thirteen and continued to do so throughout my high-school days, working after school and Saturdays. The summer before my senior year I was manager of a large chain grocery. In high school I did manage to sing in the varsity quartet and the a capella choir and play in the concert band. My one great love was sports. This love for the outdoors, competitive sports, and physical activity has been one great weakness, especially when measured in terms of scholarship.

After graduating I worked in a store one year to earn money for college. Two months before leaving for school I was the victim of an appendectomy, which took all my savings, whereupon I went to college anyway, getting a job in a store, working forty hours a week, and carrying a full load of studies. The next year was spent working and saving and was climaxed by enlistment in the navy reserve program. After going back to McPherson College one year as a civilian, I was called into active duty on July 1, 1943, and was sent to Washburn University in a navy unit. That year was a little hectic but was also a blessing in that not only was I able to complete work for an A.B. degree but, with the disciplined study details, to graduate with honors. While in the navy at Washburn I applied for chaplain training and finally arrived at C.T.S. The thrill of coming here was a little overshadowed by my happy marriage one week later.

As to the religious aspect of my life, I have come from a religious home and was baptized into the Church of the Brethren at the age of nine. While in high school I left this church and joined a young people's gospel team. Though I cannot now agree with some of the precepts held then,

I still marvel at the certainty in, and genuine satisfaction derived from, that group. I was distressed at the liberal coolness I encountered at college and moved to correct it by organizing a prayer band and "evangelistic" discussions in my dorm room. The results were rather striking, now that I look back.

I have always known I would be a minister, hence my presence at C.T.S. As a result, an amazing thing has occurred: at the Seminary I am a little confused but pleased with growing insights, and with the "home folks" I am standing on the brink of heresy.

ALFRED R. EDYVEAN

My father's grandparents moved from Wales into a county called Cornwall in the southern part of England where the people are almost Welsh in their habits and customs. On my father's side my grandparents were fisherfolk in the village of Portleven. Grandfather Edyvean had eleven sons and brought them up in the fishing trade. One night my grandfather was at sea with his two small boats and ran into a storm. Both boats were lost, and two sons were drowned as well as my grandfather and his brother. The brother could not swim. My grandfather refused to leave him. They went down in each other's arms.

On my mother's side my grandfather was a miller of some prominence in the town. He was the only man I have ever heard of who received a medal for teaching Sunday school for fifty-two years.

My father became a journeyman carpenter and helped to build Marconi's first wireless tower on Land's End. Eight times he traveled to South Africa, where he worked in a gold mine in Johannesburg.

In England, as a boy, I was raised on soccer, cricket, rugby, and schoolboy magazines of which England has a great abundance. I was baptized in the Copperhouse Wesleyan Methodist Church of Hayle, Cornwall, England. Wesley preached at this church on one occasion. I attended Sunday school twice on Sunday, morning and afternoon, and church service in the evening. Churchgoing on Sunday in those times was a full day's job.

In my early environment the greatest impression made was my delight in gathering all the reading material I could. I read by candlelight. Another impression which remained with me was an interest in music even at an early age, which is characteristic of the Welsh culture. My brother was a sort of concert baritone and traveled throughout the small villages singing at one church or another. I emulated him. My aunt, a very aggressive woman, organized concerts with children from our Sunday school. We would practice for weeks on certain numbers (sometimes excerpts from Gilbert and Sullivan), and then we would hire a bus and give the concert in neighboring villages. At the age of seven I was a budding boy soprano.

We moved to America in 1925. In coming to this country, I faced a terrific problem of adjustment. The boys of my own age were entirely different in action and personality. They were not more capable or tougher than English boys, but their values and perspectives were decidedly different. In England one learns first to be a sportsman and next to be honorable in all things. I was terribly pro-British for many years until I reached college. Upon comparing notes on Britain and America as to opportunities for all people and the prestige of the common people, I swung around to being very pro-American and anti-British.

After an unfortunate early-school career in America—for which I blame, first, myself; second, the American educa-

tional system; and, third, my parents—I found myself out of school at the age of sixteen and working. Through a young people's group I became interested in dramatics and music. At the age of nineteen I studied voice for three years and became a terrible baritone. Meanwhile, I became a leader in young people's work. Through the inspiration and encouragement of two very famous ministers—Bishop Fred Fisher and Henry Hitt Crane—I decided on the ministry as my ultimate goal. I was working at the time as a janitor in a church. I attended night school four nights a week for two years and finished my high school. I worked my way through college by holding a job in an automobile-parts factory forty-eight hours a week and carrying sixteen hours in college at Wayne University. In my senior year I resigned from the factory job and became an assistant minister and in that capacity finished my college venture. To enter seminary was my goal during these later years, my ultimate purpose being to work with and help people.

The experiences I remember most vividly were playing Scrooge in Dickens' *Christmas Carol* and Judas in a Lenten drama.

I have had no handicaps except a Welsh temperament which sometimes gets the better of me.

ROBERT MOFFETT

The bearers of the Scotch blood which is in my veins arrived by devious routes and at different times in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains in southern Missouri. Because my father's family had settled in Illinois, he arrived in Missouri as a northern Republican with northern ideas. But since my mother's family had been long in southern Missouri, within the slavery South, my mother and her family were southern Democrats. But, whatever the cultural difference, they were alike in one respect: both families were "dyed-in-the-wool Campbellites."

I have never stopped to appraise my parents objectively as individuals, for they have always appeared to me simply as a couple. My mother is small—not quite one hundred pounds—and full of energy. She was the product of a happy home. Her formal education included college, but she possesses the poised culture that comes from a family that has watched a city in its growth and has been a part of that growth.

My father is deliberate in his actions and conservative in his judgments, and I have seldom seen him really excited. His experience as a minister's son was unfortunate, I fear. The church was too demanding on his parents, and the children were given too little attention. He had no help or urging to make a profession for himself; his home life was sacrificed for the church.

I was registered on March 2, 1921, at the age of one day in the training school of Southwest State College. I went from kindergarten through the eighth grade with practically the same twenty-nine others and finished at the public school. A small Congregational liberal arts college with a Disciple Bible Chair is in Springfield, and I received an A.B. from Drury in 1943.

Springfield, Missouri, in which I lived all my life until the fall of 1943 is a small city of about seventy thousand with a relatively stable population. Our neighborhood gang changed only slightly in the fourteen years before we moved to another section of town. My home was happy, and as an only child I was treated more as one of three equally important members of an understanding family. My church was always a natural part of my life. It was founded in 1880, and my

mother's parents were charter members. It was to that same church that my paternal grandfather came as minister in 1906. As my high-school life came on I found myself traveling in two distinct groups: a loosely bound school group during the week and the tightly drawn church group on week ends. The latter group claimed my greater interest.

My maternal grandparents and my mother's sister were as strong an influence in my life as my parents were. Beyond the family was a minister who shepherded us through adolescence; the dean of the Bible Chair, who led me through the paths of atheism; and two friends, who preceded me through high school, Drury College, and the Disciple's Divinity House. The latter three individuals were probably the crystallizing friendships, and my college days were the most drastic intellectually but the most formative.

Perhaps my greatest handicap is that I have never experienced opposition. I often wonder what will happen when the shelter of family and college and a "scholar's life" is no longer mine. Great men have shown so often that it is in the overcoming of adversity that strong character is built. Can one see the purpose in his life while still preparing to live it? I think not, for egocentrism is still dominating, and, while "the Christian ministry" is the larger purpose, to prepare one's self is primary.

Many young ministers experience a thrill when they preach their first sermon in the home church. I was no different. Some who heard me that day had been greeted by my grandfather when they had first come there fifty years before. Many could remember the ten years that Frank Moffett had preached from behind that same pulpit. Still more could remember my mother as she fed me soda crackers on the back row to keep me quiet during church. People were there who had bought tickets to our carnivals and plays, Sunday-school teachers were there who had guided me and my friends—all had had a part in my training and growth. Since that sermon I have recognized a more basic challenge. My ministry must be the fulfilment of these people who have given themselves to me.

RAY NESMITH

Grandfather Nesmith, a big, hearty son of a Scottish immigrant, settled in Iowa and farmed there most of his life. His wife came to this country from Cornwall County, England, when she was twelve. Four boys and four girls and endless toil were her lot in life, and it left her tempered steel.

Grandfather Seaton, of Welsh descent, wore a wooden leg the last half of his life as a memento of the Civil War. But he had a grand manner, it seems, and no strain of circumstance ever quenched his debonair love of life and of all good things. From a poverty-stricken farm bordering on the Nesmith acres he moved to Newton, the local metropolis, and there did well in selling insurance on blooded horses. Grandmother Seaton was raised a Quaker and, though she joined the Methodist church, she remained a Quaker at heart.

My father was six feet one, big and rugged. Starting with nothing, hard labor, thrift, honesty, and fairness won him the esteem of our little farming community in the center of Kansas. When he started to work for his oldest brother, a typical day saw him with a team and wagon on the road to the coal mines three miles from town before dawn. By breakfast time he was back with the coal which he loaded and unloaded alone. A day of lifting furniture, selling feed, and handling the heavy sacks—or riding on the high seat of a horse-drawn hearse, to perform the

nerve-racking task of embalming—was ended with two or three hours of book work before retiring at eleven. From fourteen to forty his work was as strenuous as this. But, no matter how hard he worked, he always managed to play. He was the organizer and moving spirit of an athletic club in which he boxed and wrestled from the time I can remember. He taught me to wrestle and box and play ball and derived such extreme satisfaction out of my limited athletic ability, which looked pretty good in a high school of a hundred and fifty, that he seldom missed a game through my four years of high school. Much as I liked sports, I liked studies better and often talked of going to school for twelve years after high school. A graduate of the eighth grade in a country school, Dad took as much pride in scholastic achievements as in sports and encouraged my yen for schooling.

At seventy, Mother is still a bundle of energy who can outwork any of her three daughters. She is "Aunt Sarah" now to half the town and is the first to proffer a helping hand in times of illness, death, and distress. Remarkable, too, is the fact that her closest cronies are almost always women thirty to forty years her junior. Never robust, she bore six children and raised five of them. The strong current of her nervous energy early found a satisfying outlet in gardening and bird lore, hobbies which undoubtedly contributed greatly to her emotional stability through the difficult years of raising a family and in the time of that overwhelming catastrophe—her husband's sudden death. Now at seventy, she is being called upon to speak about birds before local church groups and women's clubs and is finding the poise to do it and enjoy it, she who never overcame her shyness in her years of schoolteaching.

Deeply pious, we yet had little family religious observance, due to the long hours Dad put in at the store. But the church was a second home, and we spent hours there on weekdays as well as on Sundays. Dad went far beyond tithing, how far even Mother never knew until she went through his effects after his death. He gave because he believed; he made some of it obvious to encourage others, but the bulk of his giving was never known. Mother loved us all with a self-negating love that gloried in her children's happiness regardless of personal cost to her, and she suffered our little agonies with a healing intensity. She spoke ill of no one and was the only one who disagreed with the remark that she was the best Christian in town.

When I was three, we moved to a different house in the same town. Next door lived a boy a few months my junior, and he was mean. Daily I came to the table with my face all scratched up, and daily Dad told me to take care of myself, while Mother admonished me not to fight. I finally solved this problem by throwing him and sitting on him until he changed his tune. From that time to this, I've never been in a fight, although I took on all comers in wrestling and boxing. Taller than all the other boys by a head, I could afford to be good-natured, and prudence suggested that to pick a fight with me would be foolish. Three older sisters spoiled me, but they contributed much to my development. Certain it is that a reading of Emily Post could never have molded my habits and attitudes so effectively as did their constant demands to be treated as ladies.

More than anything, I liked to read and to listen to adults in conversation. The salesmen who traveled for casket and furniture companies were an odd lot of characters, and I never missed one of their visits if I could help it. People, I found, are fascinating. But there was no way to understand them. Then I went to

college and was spellbound by the erudition of a young philosophy professor well versed in psychiatry. In this study I found an absorbing interest and have followed it with profit and pleasure since. As my vocational thinking matured, it became increasingly clear that I wanted to work with people. Listening to college students' problems and the torrent of emotional release from the lonesome drivers who picked me up on my hitchhiking ventures confirmed this.

At the close of my undergraduate career, my major professor introduced me to some of the aspects of the ministry before unsuspected. I learned that religious education and pastoral counseling were opportunities which would allow me to work with people on a religious basis without requiring that I be a preacher. (Speaking I detested from the time of a dismal failure in a high-school oratorical contest.) There was nothing to stop me and no handicaps to overcome if this was what I wanted. So after taking a Master's degree in education and traveling a five-state area for two and a half years as a Hi-Y secretary, my draft board in effect implied that if I were going to seminary as I had planned, I'd better "git." So I "got," and here I am with an increasing pleasure in an increasing understanding of God and man.

DAVID NOSS

My father, Christopher Noss, grew up in a parsonage of the Reformed church in the United States. Before I came along he had gone through Franklin and Marshall College and the Reformed Church Seminary at Lancaster, studied in Berlin, married a girl named Lura Boyer, gone to Japan as a missionary, raised a family of six children, lost his first wife to tuberculosis, and then married Carolyn Day.

Mother had "grown up wild" in the Connecticut hills, for her own mother had died before she could remember. Her father worked from dawn to dark in a little store miles away from home. A lady in the community sent little "Carrie" to an academy and then to Mount Holyoke College. She was teaching school at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when my father met her.

I was born in 1920 in a big, white clapboarded missionary house in Aizu-Wakamatsu, Japan, the eighth son of my father, and therefore David by name. I grew up in that house with three brothers and two sisters. (The five half-brothers and half-sister had gone off to college in America before my memory began.)

In Japan our school was at home from nine to twelve in the big second-floor playroom. Mother was the teacher. Play was with brothers and sisters, or with the California Seventh-Day Adventist boy and girl from the one other missionary family in town, or with the Japanese children in our street.

When I was eleven we went to Lancaster, for a furlough. Here, starting at sixth grade, I had my first experience in a "real school." It was amazing to discover the variety of things that "counted" as school subjects. At home Mother had seldom assigned us anything but grammar and arithmetic to study. Usually the geography, physiology, and general-science books were just left lying around the house, and we read them, little dreaming that they were really "school stuff." Now it dawned on us that we had been tricked. Or, maybe, we thought, American schools were wrong. I can remember arguing with my younger brother Dick on the topic, "Is history really a 'subject'?"

In 1934 Father died, and Mother was hospitalized for a nervous breakdown, so that for three years of high school Dick and I were put under an uncle's care at a denominational orphans' home at Greenville, Pennsylvania.

A crisis in my life came on page 92 of the Samuel French edition of *Charley's Aunt*. It was our junior class play in Greenville High School, and the crisis event was described in the italicized stage business on page 92. Miss Key, our director, was my English teacher, and I thought a great deal of her. I was Sir Francis Chesney, Baronet, in the play, but in the stark, real world I was the timid guy who always avoided doing things which he did not think he could do well—especially in public. This stage business on page 92 read: "Sir Francis kisses Donna Lucia." Such a thing I had never done in all my life. What did one do with one's arms when kissing a Donna Lucia? This and many other problems looked insurmountable. Until two days before dress rehearsal classmate Donna Lucia and I had succeeded in having this part skipped. At each rehearsal the outraged cries of the rest of the cast had become more shrill. On this night they were chanting, "Make 'em do it! Make 'em do it! Make 'em do it!" Miss Key finally turned against us. "Don't be a piker, David," she said. "Go right through the scene. Don't be a piker." There amid the whistles and shouting of fellow-actors I vaulted blindly into the unknown. I did not want to be a piker.

If I had not been among friends, this might have turned out to be what the analysts call a "traumatic experience." As it was, things turned for the best, and I have since gained strength in more than one social situation by the echoing of Miss Key's simple plea, "Don't be a piker."

Purpose stole into my life only in subtle stages. From the ages of eleven to fifteen I found that I loved to make model airplanes and concluded therefore that I would be an airplane mechanic and serve the world with a monkey wrench. Next I found that I liked reading books even more than building airplanes and hit upon the idea of teaching English as the most appropriate way to earn a living while reading books. I decided I would read the *complete* works of every great author. This turned out to be an unfortunate resolve. I don't know how I made the choice, but for some reason I started out on the project by reading the complete works of James Fenimore Cooper. I did not like his novels, but pride would not let me stop.

Denominational church camp for ten days one summer crystallized some vague purposes and motivations toward service. Here as counselors were Cubby and Jeff and George and Pete, eager, energetic ministers still in their early twenties. Not only did they speak earnestly of their own hopes and dreams, but they also asked us, the campers, what we thought—asked us not didactically as Sunday-school teachers asked, but as a friend asks when he *really wants to know* what you think. If the church was partly made of such men, I thought, then I would be a minister.

In college the Student Christian Movement stole my loyalties, put me on conference committees and in panel discussions, and sent me to St. Louis and Chicago for meetings of the National Intercollegiate Christian Council. It set me to join in the organizing of a student co-op house at college and to working for a labor newspaper and to marching in American Youth Congress parades in Washington. And, perhaps most important of all, it inspired me to go to Friends' Work Camp in share-cropper South Carolina. Everywhere—in the co-op, in the panel discussion, in the cotton field, and in the parade—it all turned out to be true: the world looked very much as if it was sick for love—just as Cubby and Jeff and George and Pete had said. So it seemed that the church needed workers, and I wanted to work in the church.

THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY'S

Fifteenth Annual

MINISTERS' WEEK

MONDAY–FRIDAY · FEBRUARY 4–8, 1946

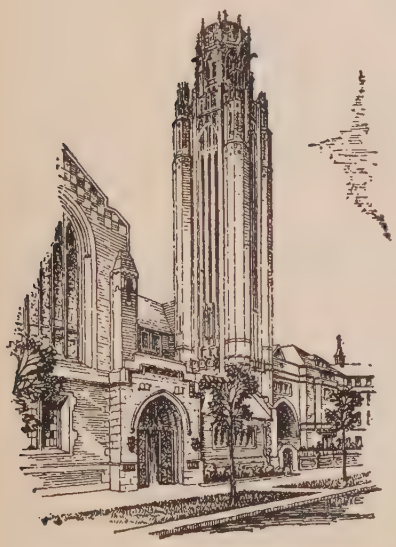
Including

Inauguration of ARTHUR CUSHMAN McGIFFERT, JR.
as President of THE CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

THE ALDEN-TUTHILL LECTURES

"THE CHURCH IN THE ATOMIC AGE"

REUBEN G. GUSTAVSON, *Vice-President, University of Chicago*
CHARLES E. MERRIAM, *Political Scientist, University of Chicago*
CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor, "The Christian Century"*
ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE, *Minister, First Methodist Church, Evanston*



SEVEN SHORT COURSES

Led by Professors Eastman, Pauck, Snyder, Wilder, Nichols, Obenhaus, and Frederick Kuether, Jr.

THREE FORUMS

"The Local Church in the Atomic Age"

EXHIBIT OF NEW BOOKS

The Seminary's Thirtieth
TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

THE PROGRAM

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Monday, February 4

2:30–3:30 P.M. (*Clarence Sydney Funk Cloisters*)

Registration and enrolment in classes

4:00 P.M. (*Rockefeller Chapel, University of Chicago*)

Inauguration of ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT, JR., as President of The Chicago Theological Seminary

6:00 P.M. Buffet Supper for designated representatives of seminaries, colleges, and Faculty

8:00 P.M. (*University Church of Disciples of Christ*)

First Alden-Tuthill Lecture by REUBEN G. GUSTAVSON

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday

9:00–11:50 A.M.

Classes led by members of the Faculty and others

12:00 NOON (*Bond Chapel*)

Worship services led by PRESIDENTS ROBBINS and MCGIFFERT and PROFESSOR IRWIN

12:30 P.M. Lunch. (*Hutchinson Commons, corner of University Avenue and 57th Street and other adjacent eating places. Special luncheons will be arranged. See later announcements*)

1:30 P.M., Tuesday. Triennial Convention

Election of Seminary Directors and other business

Meeting of Alumni Association at close of convention. REVEREND GERALD E. MAGGART, *President*

Religious Education Laboratory—PROFESSOR SNYDER (except Tuesday)

4:00–5:00 P.M. (*Graham Taylor Hall*)

Afternoon Forums, "The Church and the Development of World Community in the Atomic Age." PROFESSORS WIEMAN, PAUCK, OBENHAUS

8:00 P.M. (*University Church of the Disciples of Christ*)

Alden-Tuthill Lectures

THE CLASSES

Tuesday through Friday

9:00 A.M.

1. Christian Influence in the Drama: FRED EASTMAN (*Graham Taylor Hall*)
   - I. Before Shakespeare
   - II. From Shakespeare to Shaw
   - III. From Galsworthy to Williams
   - IV. From O'Neill to Wilder
2. Issues Confronting the Local Church: VICTOR OBENHAUS (*Joseph Henry George Commons*)
   - I. The Christian's Responsibility for Social Action
   - II. The Pastor's Relationship to Social Ethical Issues
   - III. Protestantism and Organized Labor
   - IV. The Local Church as Instrument for Social Welfare

10:00 A.M.

1. The Church—Its Task in the Light of Its Heritage: Wilhelm Pauck (*Graham Taylor Hall*)
   - I. Prospects for the Church in the Postwar Period
   - II. Christian Faith and Democracy
   - III. Christian Faith and Tolerance
   - IV. The World Church and the Reconciliation of the Nations
2. The Church and Tensions Confronting Youth: Frederick Kuether, Jr. (*Joseph Henry George Commons*)
   - I. Individual Factors
   - II. Social Factors
   - III. The Community and Its Resources
   - IV. The Church and Its Place in the Community

11:00 A.M.–12:00 NOON

1. Church and State: James Nichols (*Joseph Henry George Commons*)
   - I. The Churches and International Policy
   - II. The Churches and State Education
   - III. Conscription and the Christian Conscience
   - IV. Church Discipline and Moral Legislation
2. The Sermon on the Mount and Modern Discipleship: Amos Wilder (*Graham Taylor Hall*)
   - I. The Relevance and Practicability of the Sermon
   - II. Insecurity and Faith
   - III. Broken Relations and Reconciliation
   - IV. The Kingdom of God

2:00–4:00 P.M. *Wednesday and Thursday*

Religious Education Laboratory (*Joseph Henry George Commons*)

Audio-visual Techniques, with special emphasis upon suggestions for the educational use of the two new series "All Aboard for Adventure."

AFTERNOON FORUMS

4:00 P.M. *Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday* (*Graham Taylor Hall*)

Directed to the responsibility of the local church for the development of world community. The forum sessions will deal particularly with the type of educational program in the local church which will enable our church constituencies to understand better some of the problems posed by the atomic revolution. These forum periods will build upon issues raised by the Alden-Tuthill lecturers.

	Speaker	*Chairman*
Tuesday: New Issues in Science and Religion	Bernard E. Meland	William Jacobs
Wednesday: Religion and Social Control	Victor Obenhaus	Paul Folino
Thursday: Religion and World Community	Wilhelm Pauck	George Gibson

THE ALDEN-TUTHILL LECTURES

"The Church in the Atomic Age"

8:00 P.M. (*University Church of the Disciples of Christ*)

Monday: "The Church in the Atomic Age—from the Viewpoint of a Physical Scientist"
Reuben G. Gustavson, Vice-President, University of Chicago

Tuesday: "The Church in the Atomic Age—from the Viewpoint of a Political Scientist."
CHARLES E. MERRIAM, University of Chicago; formerly member Advisory Committee, National Resources Committee

Wednesday: "The Church in the Atomic Age—from the Viewpoint of Christian Faith."
CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, Editor, *The Christian Century*

Thursday: "The Church in the Atomic Age—from the Viewpoint of a Pastor."
ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE, Minister, First Methodist Church, Evanston

THE TRIENNIAL CONVENTION

Tuesday Afternoon

1:30 P.M. (*Graham Taylor Hall*)

Election of Seminary Directors and other business. Followed by meeting of Alumni Association.

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GENERAL INFORMATION

Two important basic ideas lie at the heart of this week: (*a*) fellowship and (*b*) disciplined thinking. If both are to be realized, there must be continuity of purpose and attendance. Therefore, please do not come as a *visitor*. Come to work! To that end, each person is requested to remain for all four days (unless called back by pastoral duties) and to stay by the particular course in which he registers.

Women may enrol for the full privileges of Ministers' Week. Ministers' wives will be especially welcome.

Rooms: If possible, stay with friends. Hotel accommodations in Chicago are *exceedingly limited*, and **reservations should be made directly with the hotel selected as early in advance as possible,** to insure accommodations upon arrival. It is best to go to your hotel before coming to the Seminary. The following hotels are near the Seminary:

Broadview Hotel, 5540 Hyde Park Boulevard. Ten double rooms, $4.00 per day for two. Immediate confirmation and deposit required.

Colonial Hotel, 6325 Kenwood Avenue. Rates: without bath, $1.25 single; $1.75 double; with bath, $1.75 single; $2.50 double—one bed; $3.00 double—twin beds.

Gladstone Hotel, 6200 Kenwood Avenue. Twenty rooms. Rates: without bath, $2.00 double; with bath, $3.00 double. (No single rooms available.)

Hotel Hayes, 6345 University Avenue. Rates: without bath (running water) $1.25 and $1.50, single; $1.75 and $2.00 double; with bath, $2.50 single; $3.00, $3.50, and $4.00, double; with toilet and lavatory, $1.75 single; $2.25 double.

Hyde Park YMCA, 1400 East Fifty-third Street (a limited number of rooms available but no reservations taken in advance). Rates: double, without bath, $1.50 each.

Jackson Park Plaza Hotel, 1540 East Sixty-fifth Place. Fifteen double rooms, $2.50 per day for two persons. Reservations required before January 20.

Mayflower Hotel, 6125 Kenwood Avenue. Five single rooms; five double rooms. Rates: with bath, $2.50 single; $3.00 double.

The Wedgewood, 6410 Woodlawn Avenue. Rates: with bath, $2.50 single; $3.50 double; twin beds, $4.00; also two suites; for two, $6.00; for three, $8.00.

Windermere Hotels, 1642 East Fifty-sixth Street. Five rooms—twin beds. Rates: $6.00 for two persons.

Travel Directions: To reach the Seminary from New York Central, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Wabash, Pennsylvania, or Rock Island trains, get off at Sixty-third Street. Take surface car to University Avenue. Walk five blocks north. From Chicago terminal stations, take (or transfer to) Jackson Park elevated, get off at University Avenue, and walk five blocks north. Cabs are available also at railroad stations.

Please send us a postcard telling us you are coming. Address

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE · CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
5757 UNIVERSITY AVENUE · CHICAGO 37, ILLINOIS

ALUMNI NOTES

Compiled by DAN *and* EULALIA WILLIAMS

1945. *Ted and Dotty Schoonmaker* write that they are enjoying their life and work at the Mount Vernon Church of Boston. Ted was ordained and installed on October 11, 1945. *Dick Zoppel* (ex. '44) and *Arlan Baillie* ('39) participated in the service.

1945. The *Roy Lee Adamses* announce the arrival of a daughter, Ruth Helen, born on November 8, 1945.

1944. *Lawrence and Connie Stanton* are serving under the American Board in Mexico. They write this account of their work: "We left for Mexico City the day after Christmas, 1944. There we registered with the government, visited churches, and took several trips out of the city to see outstanding Protestant work. Since the middle of January we have been here in Guadalajara, where there are two Congregational churches, a social center, and a school. Our only other missionary in Mexico for Congregational work is Margarita Wright, with whom we are making our home. The evangelical movement in Mexico moves quietly but steadily onward, gathering strength as it goes."

1941. *Seido and Flora Ogawa* are now in Kapaa, Kauai, Hawaii, where Seido is minister of a church. Their task is to take a small church which has been operating for years without a minister and to build a progressive program from the ground up. Seido writes: "About us. All three are in best of health. Cheryl is just two and a half years old, and right now is entering upon a second negative stage, or something of the sort. But recalling some of the wisdom acquired in Snyder's classes, we are not a bit ruffled. The only disturbing thing to me is that we must not grow as much as we think we do when our little baby can figure us out and put things over on us. And when parents love that sort of thing, one does believe in the corruption of human nature!"

1941. *Alvin and Marilee Scaff.* All the friends of the Scaffs are rejoicing over their safe return to this country from the Philippines, after their grim experiences of two years of hiding from the Japanese, followed by many months of imprisonment and later internment at Los Banos. They report that they and their son, Larry, came through well. Their address is Route 3, Box 478, Austin, Texas.

1940. *Russell Myers*, who has been pastor of the Mayflower Congregational Church in Lansing, Michigan, has accepted a call to the Minnehaha Church in Minneapolis.

1939. *Thatcher and Vivian Jordan* have a second son, Gilbert Van, born on November 5, 1945, in Los Angeles, California.

1938. *Grace Hadley* is at the U.S.O. Victory Club, King and Bethel streets, Honolulu, Hawaii. She writes: "Oahu is all Dr. Palmer said it would be. The grounds around Central Union Church are utilized as a victory garden, but they are still lovely." Grace would be glad to see any C.T.S. people who are traveling through Hawaii.

1937. *Charles M. Brown*, of the Galewood Congregational Church of Chicago, has accepted a call to Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

1937. The Congregational Church of Wilmette, Illinois, of which *Ross Cannon* is minister, has announced an extensive remodeling and building program.

1937. *Phillip and Laurentine Sarles* announce the arrival of Mary Eva (weight: 5 lb., 1 oz.) on October 20, 1945.

1936. *Chaplain W. Edgar Gregory* has been appointed to the staff of the San Francisco Council of Churches as director of the Department of Ministry to Service Personnel and Veterans. His new address is 220 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, California.

1934. The Country Club Congregational Church of Kansas City, Missouri, *Gerald Maggart*, minister, has announced a program of building and expansion. The church is situated in a district in which the population has increased 300 per cent in the last twenty years.

1930. *Allen Jenkins'* sermon, "Christian Thinking about Jews," which he preached April 22, 1945, has been put into printed form. It is a strong statement of the liberal Christian attitude on this problem.

1922. *Glenn A. Rowles*, who has been minister of the Ripon, Wisconsin, church for the last seven years, has resigned to become associate superintendent of the Congregational Conference of Southern California and the Southwest, with Superintendent Nelson C. Dreier. His office is in Los Angeles.

1917. *Benjamin Trickey*, after an eleven-year pastorate at Marshalltown, Iowa, has been called to the Mayflower Congregational Church at Sioux City, Iowa. His address is 1705 Isabella Street.

1917. *Lewis A. Convis* has terminated his pastorate of the Jefferson Park Congregational Church in Chicago.

1907. *J. W. F. Davies* has resigned from the Waukegan church in Illinois and plans to retire.

Stiles Lessley, who was Dr. Eastman's secretary while attending the Divinity School, has completed thirteen years in the pastorate at Osage, Iowa, and has moved to the First Congregational Church of DeKalb, Illinois.

Grace Edwards, who was a student in the Divinity School, but who lived in our dormitory and was well known to the Seminary family, will be returning soon from the Near East, where she has been teaching for a year. She has traveled widely in the Holy Land and reports some exciting firsthand observations of the political problems.

In Memoriam

1902. *Noyes O. Bartholomew* passed away this year. His service to the church was highly regarded. He held pastorates at Elkader, Iowa, and more recently at Wyanet, Illinois.

1913. *Charles W. Boardman* passed away on August 30, 1945. He was born November 11, 1881, in Illinois. He attended Beloit College, where he met Irmgard Heth, whom he married in 1908. He graduated from C.T.S. in 1913. In 1919 he began a distinguished pastorate of seventeen years at Delavan, Wisconsin, after having served in the first World War. He had a great capacity for friendship. In the last months of his life he was stricken with spreading paralysis. In the courage and faith with which he met this trial, he gave a supreme witness of the Christian spirit.

Their Forty-ninth Anniversary

When former President Ozora S. Davis died in 1931, he asked that his ashes be placed in the Cloister of his "beloved Seminary," and by arrangement with Mrs. Davis he provided also that upon her death her ashes should be placed beside his. Mrs. Davis died September 22, 1945. Had they lived, November 17, 1945, would have been the forty-ninth wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Davis, and it seemed only fitting to their children that on that date the ashes of Grace Tinker Davis should be placed beside those of her husband. An appropriate service was conducted by President Albert W. Palmer, and a stone tablet with proper inscriptions marks the resting place of these two great Christians.

A SELECTED LIST OF DRAMAS

Describing eighty plays, modern as well as biblical, combining artistic excellence and religious significance, will be sent without charge on application, accompanied by three cents' postage, to

THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA OFFICE
CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
5757 University Avenue

BOOK REVIEWS

The Gospel According to Gamaliel

By Gerald Heard. Harper, 1945. xii+154 pp. $2.00.

Gerald Heard usually writes interestingly, often wisely, sometimes profoundly. He has read enough anthropological, historical, and religious literature to have a sense of perspective. He is sensitive enough to be able to understand the spiritual values of a tradition not his own. The present work seems to have been influenced by a reading of the Jewish scholar Klausner's recently translated book *From Jesus to Paul.* And if Heard has not read Klausner, he has at least been reading the works of those liberal Christian and Jewish theologians who are trying to give a more objective and sympathetic picture of first-century Judaism.

In form his work is a half-fictional account of the work of Jesus and the founding of the earliest Christian community as seen through the eyes of Rabban Gamaliel (the First). It was a brilliant idea to choose Gamaliel as the central character and interpreter of the contemporary scene, for he was revered by the early rabbis as a learned and pious scholar and was claimed by Paul as his teacher; moreover, though Heard does not mention the fact, he was naïvely supposed by some early Christian writers to have been a secret convert to their faith.

Heard's Gamaliel has the breadth and insight to appreciate the spiritual richness and winning simplicity of Jesus' person and teaching, the quiet reasonableness of James, the peasant shrewdness and ambition of Peter, and, above all, the passionate, partisan, and tortuous argument of Paul who boldly transformed the Jewish messianic tradition of the Suffering Servant into the half-primitive, half-sophisticated, concept of the bloody sacrifice of the heavenly man.

That Heard is not a technical scholar, and makes a few historical or philological errors, need trouble only the pedantic reader. (The reviewer, however, must weakly confess that he dislikes such a half-accurate rendering of Jesus' name as "Joshua bar Joseph." (So long as the Aramaic form "bar" is used, we have a right to expect that the author will consistently use the Aramaic form of the first name, namely, "Yeshua.") Though Heard seemingly is not a Hebraist, he does have enough true linguistic feeling to discover that "Hebrew stands; Greek evades."

Even a professional church historian may learn something from Heard's brief but dramatically plausible reconstruction of the Jerusalem Council (Acts, chap. 15) which forms the final chapter of the admirable *Gospel According to Gamaliel.*

Ralph Marcus

The Old Testament: Its Form and Purpose

By Lindsay B. Longacre. Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1945. 264 pp. $2.00.

What is the story of the production of the Literature of the Old Testament? What were the historic situations and needs that called forth its various strata? What were the aims of the several writers and editors? Such are the questions that Dr. Longacre answers in this semipopular volume which tells the story of the entire Old Testament in comprehensive fashion. The story he tells rests on the results of the critical-historical inquiry into the nature of the book during the last two centuries; it does not deal with the history or equipment of this inquiry, however. It is the story of the Bible itself and is written in a simple, flowing style. It will be especially valuable to lay people who wish to read the Old Testament as a record of the progressive spiritual experience of a people but who have no idea of the chronological sequence of the materials.

The author begins with the "Bible of the Deuteronomists," the first authoritative Hebrew book. It has national interests. From the eighth-century prophets it has learned the idea that God's good will to the nation is conditioned by the people's loyalty to him. It made selective use of the stories and chronicles from Moses to the Exile to illustrate the doctrine of rewards it systematized.

The Priests' Bible, which was concerned to establish Israel as a religious community,

made similar selective use of the stories that talked of the days before Moses. The manner and need of cultic and social separateness of Israel is its theme.

The prophets whose words are recorded in the Old Testament were dissenters in their day. They stressed knowledge and taught the organic relation between religion and human relations. They said God controlled all nations. The author adds that they felt that God cared for all nations as much as he did for Israel. One wonders about that statement. Even Amos made God say: "You [Israel] only have I known." Longacre's statement is illustrative of his general attitude, which seems to ignore the historic significance of the Hebrew doctrine of election.

The author deals in a similar fashion with the formation and purpose of the Wisdom Literature, the psalter, and the later writings. In a separate chapter entitled "Backgrounds of Interpretation" he deals especially with the problems of translation and the growth of the content of specific key-words.

In a final chapter Dr. Longacre speaks of the relevance of the Old Testament for today. After saying that the book illustrates the perennial aspirations and struggles of the human spirit and has supplied us with enduring principles of human conduct, he states that belief in God's purpose was an "act of faith" in the Old Testament. This act of faith constitutes the "living voice of the Old Testament." The fact that the Hebrews did so should encourage us to look for God in the historic process in our own day. He seems quite clearly to reject the idea that any specific event or train of events in history, past or present, is of peculiar significance in this search for God. Yet he has found the relatively minor segment of Hebrew history very rich, and we are grateful that he has shared with us in such a palatable form what he finds there.

J. COERT RYLAARSDAM

EVENT IN ETERNITY

By Paul Scherer. Harper, 1945. 234 pp. $2.00.

In five chapters the author of *For We Have This Treasure* brings now a living portrait of Second Isaiah, together with a clear and forceful presentation of the message of that unknown prophet to his own times and his relevance to our own.

The author's style is as dramatic as his subject matter; it is addressed to the conscience and will with marked descriptive energy and illuminated with apt illustrative materials. It is preaching rather than dissertation.

The compelling thesis is that of the sovereignty of God. He is creator of all things and prime mover in history, Lord of exile as well as prosperity. That sovereignty dispels the doubts of those who ask: How can a good God have made a world like this? For it is precisely the "world like this"—a world of exiles, depressions, and wars—that demonstrates the rule of its Creator. The vicissitudes of history make it crystal clear that the world is ruled by the constant God whose law of righteousness cannot be violated without direful results.

A close companion theme is that the divine purpose of the Creator is redemption *within* history as well as *beyond* it. Repentance, personal and national, is the key to the redeeming power. And that redeeming power will flow from eternity into time, to convert prideful collective man into a divine fellowship. As history is the locus of sin, it must be the locus of salvation, and God will not abandon his people to tragic necessities and choices between evils.

The book is thoroughly Christian as well as prophetic. Its theology is also Christology. As the Exile prophet looks forward to "the man of sorrows, acquainted with grief," so Christ looks back to him and forward to us, and beyond. The sovereign God is the Father revealed in Christ; his redemption is through the atonement of the Suffering Servant.

Dr. Scherer presents no utopianism; he does not minimize the pull of evil upon man in history. He only suggests that "instead of stopping there, we begin there—as the Bible does!" He makes few direct references to contemporary theologians, yet his work is a relief from the dismal cynicism of a mood that, doubting the capacity of man to save himself, emerges into no great faith in the power of the sovereign God, through Christ, to work a new creation in the earth.

GEORGE M. GIBSON

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH

By Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin, 1945. 191 pp. $2.50.

Protestant ministers should read this book as an inside, though doubtless idealized, picture of what life looks like to a Roman Catholic priest. It will serve as a wholesome counterbalance to some of the unattractive aspects of Roman Catholicism as we ordinarily come in contact with it and serve also to make more intelligible and attractive some things which Protestants ordinarily view with prejudice or at least suspicion. Perhaps the book is just very clever Roman Catholic propaganda; but, at all events, it is being widely read, and the Protestant minister who reads it will often find Father Smith facing parish problems not unlike his own and will wish that the Catholic priest in his town were more like Father Smith.

ALBERT W. PALMER

THE LORD'S SUPPER IN PROTESTANTISM

By Elmer S. Freeman. Macmillan, 1945. 174 pp. $1.75.

The Lord's Supper is an inevitable part of every pastor's ministry. Yet how many men enter upon the administration of this sacred rite with anything like an adequate understanding of it? Perhaps one reason why not a few laymen look upon the Lord's Supper as a rather childish, outgrown bit of play-acting is that they have never been definitely informed as to the sacrament's history, meaning, and potential value as a religious act and method of spiritual discipline. In too many nonliturgical churches the Lord's Supper has just been taken for granted. It is merely a traditional ritual.

Mr. Freeman's book, therefore, will open up new vistas of appreciation and understanding to many a minister, as well as to deacons and other thoughtful laymen who should be given an opportunity to read it. It is written from a liberal Protestant point of view. It is in no sense a retreat into either Roman or Anglican high-church sacramentarianism. It simply tells the ordinary Protestant minister the things he ought to know and then adds some practical suggestions which will stimulate him to a new appreciation of the sacrament as a channel of divine grace and means of spiritual nurture.

We have needed such a book for a long time. Here at Chicago Theological Seminary we are glad that it is one of our own recent graduates who has written it. Personally, I am especially gratified that it has grown out of a B.D. thesis which, in turn, grew out of my own course in worship. The book is hopeful evidence of the dawning of a new day of deep yet sane mystical religious faith and of a sound liturgical insight and feeling in modern Protestantism. Chapters on the "Ethical and Spiritual Dynamic" and on "Personal Preparation for Communion" will be found especially helpful; and the one on "Bridge or Barrier to Reunion?" is very timely.

Mr. Freeman is a graduate of the University of California, studied at the Church Divinity School of the Pacific, was ordained an Episcopal minister but later became a Congregationalist, graduating from this Seminary in 1938. He is now pastor of our church at Menasha, Wisconsin.

ALBERT W. PALMER

HEROES OF FAITH ON PIONEER TRAILS

By E. Myers Harrison. Moody Press, 1945. 224 pp. $2.00.

Dr. Harrison reports on ten "heroes of faith," all of them pioneers: David Brainerd, William Carey, Henry Martyn, Robert Morrison, Adoniram Judson, John Williams, Robert Moffatt, David Livingstone, J. Hudson Taylor, and John G. Paton. These are not biographies, but homiletical illustrations of biblical texts set forth with evangelistic fervor. The author shows in each case the controlling scripture which provided the motivation for missionary endeavor and also contributed the enabling strength to carry on. To be sure, certain biographical facts are given, but these are secondary to sermonic reflections which stem from the association of the text with the life. It is interesting to note in passing that the decisive texts in four of the ten heroes came from the Old Testament.

The book has a certain value in showing the burning enthusiasm of these missionaries to win the world for Christ. The author also brings into his account the strange but true

concatenation of events by which the example of Brainerd influenced Carey and Martyn, that of Carey, Morrison and Judson, that of Moffatt, Livingstone—and the story goes on and on far past the pages of this book. The evident purpose of the author, who is a missionary to Burma, is to communicate his missionary zeal, and that of the heroes, to the reader in the hope that others may be led to go forth in His name.

MERVIN M. DEEMS

A MANUAL OF EASTERN ORTHODOX PRAYERS

Fellowship of Saint Alban and Saint Sergius. Macmillan, 1945. 113 pp.

This collection of prayers drawn from the Euchologion of the Orthodox church will serve to communicate much of the spirit of Near Eastern Christianity to the Western worshiper. The *Manual* is patterned somewhat after the Book of Common Prayer, commencing with morning prayers and evening prayers and continuing with occasional prayers, anthems and hymns, order of confession, prayers of preparation before Holy Communion, and prayers of thanksgiving after Holy Communion. A concluding chapter presents a short calendar of the Eastern church. Germanos, archbishop of Thyateira, has a brief Foreword expressing his hope that the *Manual* will contribute to "the more intimate 'rapprochement' of our two churches, the Orthodox and the Anglican," and Nicolas Zernov adds some "Explanatory Notes." Protestant clergy will hardly be prepared for the emphasis in the prayer-book upon angels, Mary, and the saints, but here and there are prayers which may be used in toto and others which can be easily adapted to our usage. For example, the following prayer which might well have been composed for our time, but which actually stems from the fourth century, could be uttered with profit by us all: "O Lord and Master of my life, take from me the spirit of sloth, faint heartedness, lust of power, and idle talk. But give rather the spirit of chastity, humility, patience, and love to thy servant. Yea, O Lord and King, grant me to see my own errors and not to judge my brother, for Thou art blessed from all ages to all ages. *Amen.*"

MERVIN M. DEEMS

MISSIONARY MATERIAL

The literature programs of the Missionary Education Movement for 1945–46 have as their themes "Africa" and "The Church among Uprooted Americans." For the former study there is a helpful pamphlet entitled *Discussion and Program Suggestions for Adult Groups in Africa* by Margaret Marston Sherman. The outline is based on *The Cross over Africa* by Newell S. Booth.

For the second theme there are two interesting and instructive pamphlets (24 pages, double column), one by Thomas Alfred Tripp entitled *Rural Americans on the Move*, the other by H. Paul Douglass, *The City Church in the War Emergency*. Mr. Tripp states the crux of the problem of the migrant and the church in these words: "The churches do not reach migrants because church people do not want them," but concludes his presentation by pointing out certain resources which the church has for this type of ministry and showing what individual churches have done. Mr. Douglass says that "the church in the emergency did what its capacity and character enabled it to do but that it measurably failed at points because of its weakness and limitations," and he calls upon the church to give its aid in the rebuilding of cities.

The three pamphlets are published by the Friendship Press, New York, and may be had for twenty-five cents each. For the same price there may be obtained from these publishers a large, colored, and illustrated map showing the uprooted people of the United States.

MERVIN M. DEEMS

THY HEALTH SHALL SPRING FORTH

By Russell L. Dicks. Macmillan, 1945. 61 pp. $1.25.

This is a collection of readings, meditations, and prayers to be placed in the hands of sick persons. It includes messages written by Mr. Dicks himself "For One in Pain," "For One about To Undergo an Operation," "For One Who Feels Guilty," "For One Who Is Lonely," "For One Who Is Discouraged," "For One Who Is Disabled," and "For One Who Has Regained Health." There are also a number of useful selections from other writers. Not least

in importance among these is Dr. Cabot's classic chapter on the healing power of Nature taken from the *Art of Ministering to the Sick*, in which he and Mr. Dicks collaborated.

From the standpoint of form the book is lacking in unity. It follows no consistent pattern, and the poetic beauty of some of the author's prayers is occasionally marred by an annoying shift from first person plural to first person singular or the reverse. Nonetheless, the book is admirably suited to its purpose. It brings together material of proven value in ministering to the sick—material which not only imparts comfort and encouragement but also information of real value to the patient.

Here may be a good place to call attention to the new department, "Pastoral Work," in the monthly magazine, *The Pastor*, for which Mr. Dicks has just assumed editorial responsibility. Congratulations are due not only to Mr. Dicks but to the publishers and readers of that journal.

ANTON T. BOISEN

OUR INNER CONFLICTS

By Karen Horney. Norton, 1945. 250 pp. $3.00.

Any book by Dr. Horney is sure to receive attention. By reason of her independent thinking and lucid expression she has won a wide circle of readers. The present book is a simplification and elaboration of the views which led to her break with orthodox psychoanalytic teaching. She has reformulated her doctrines in terms of interpersonal relationships, explaining all neurotic reactions as conflicts between the tendencies to "move toward," "move away from," or "move against people." These three trends she sees as the nuclei of certain basic attitudes toward others and toward the self and thus of particular philosophies of life. Where the conflicts are unusually severe, the sufferer may create an idealized image of himself in which the conflicting elements are so transfigured as to appear as aspects of a rich personality. Such a concept of the self leads to a need for perfection and admiration which in turn creates new conflicts.

She goes beyond her previous books in the denial of instinctual trends. Not only does she belittle the importance of repressed sexuality as a factor in neurotic disorders, but now hostility also is for her culturally, not instinctually, determined and secondary to other factors.

As in her previous books, there are many penetrating and stimulating observations and many propositions which will lead the religionist to feel that she is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven. She recognizes that every neurosis is a character disorder, that treatment involves the problem of morals and requires absolute honesty on the part of both therapist and patient. No therapist, she says, can be constructively helpful who does not really believe in the possibility of the patient's fulfilling his own potentialities and no patient can be cured who is not ready to pay the price of constructive action. It is also to be noted that she recognizes clearly the limitations of a search for the genetic origins of malignant attitudes in early childhood conditioning. Focusing on these is all too often a means of evading responsibility for changing present conditions.

With all its positive merits the net effect of the book upon this reviewer is confusing and irritating. It is confusing because she starts with definite neurotic patterns and fails to view these in the perspective of the true requirements of the healthy personality. "Moving toward people" is thus equated to "compliance." She recognizes its relationship to the need of love, but she gives little attention to the social nature of man in which it is rooted. Similarly in her treatment of the "idealized image" she gives no consideration to the function of the concept of the self as the nucleus of the personality. Her treatment of the therapeutic goals is brief. She sums it up as the striving for *wholeheartedness*, viz., to be without pretense, to be emotionally sincere, to be able to put one's whole self into one's feelings, one's work, one's beliefs.

This book is confusing also because it is built upon a new set of concepts. It is particularly to be noted that she has almost nothing to say regarding the sense of guilt, which hitherto has been so basic not only in the writings of Freud, Alexander, *et al.*, but also in her own previous books. More than ever one is impressed by her failure to develop an adequate concept of conscience.

It is also to be noted that in her discussion of neurotic reactions she makes no place for

those desperate attempts at reorganization which are of peculiar interest to the student of religion. To her all neurotic reactions involve self-deception, even when they are characterized by self-blame and awareness of danger.

The book is written for psychoanalysts who are seriously interested in improving their theory and therapy and also for all those who want to know themselves and have not given up struggling for their own growth. This reviewer believes that it will be chiefly important for the former.

ANTON T. BOISEN

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RELIGION

By Paul E. Johnson. Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1945. 288 pp. $2.00.

In contradistinction to earlier books on the psychology of religion, which have for the most part represented some specialized interest such as religious conversion, growth, or pastoral care, Professor Johnson has endeavored in this book to take stock of the major problems, methods, and principles which have been developed in this field. He does not attempt to make any new contribution. His aim is rather to portray comprehensively the work of other minds.

His point of view he defines as "dynamic" and "interpersonalistic." According to the blurb, he seeks to answer the questions: How does it feel to be religious? What stimuli awaken religious interest? What are the marks of religious maturity? What revives our religious energies? What do we feel, resolve, experience in worship? How do we pray? Why do we sin? What does religion do for health? What are the psychological conditions of faith?

As a comprehensive study of the psychology of religion, this book is disappointing. No attention is paid to the contributions of Mead, Cooley, and Dewey to the social interpretation of the personality; and in the handling of the psychopathological field there is little insight and even some misapprehension.

Thus in the section on sin and guilt, he fails to recognize that "the sense of guilt" means to the psychiatrist precisely the same thing which "the sense of sin" means to the religious man. He also proceeds on the assumption that the sense of guilt is equivalent to the "sense of failure to reach a goal." Here is a misapprehension which affects the entire strucure on which a present-day psychology of religion should rest. The work of our psychopathologists is showing with increasing clarity that the sense of guilt, which they recognize as the major evil in functional mental illness, has to do with the internalized sense of isolation and estrangement. It is due to the presence of desires and tendencies which can neither be renounced nor be acknowledged for fear of condemnation. All psychotherapy is thus reducible to the process of confession and forgiveness, together also with re-education.

This discovery means that man is a social being and that the idea of God stands for the fellowship of the best by which he judges himself and without which he cannot live. It means also that maturity for the religious man is the transfer of loyalty from the finite to the infinite. The failure to take account of it leaves the dynamic and interpersonalistic factors rather weak.

The style of the book is heavy, and there are few concrete illustrations. There is evidence that Professor Johnson has read widely but not that he has arrived at any important new insights. In fact, he does not seem to do justice to the best insights of the present day. As a comprehensive treatise on the psychology of religion, this book will not replace the one by Professor Coe of some thirty years ago.

ANTON T. BOISEN

CAN THESE BONES LIVE?

By Roger Babson and Dudley Zuver. Harper, 1945. 257 pp. $2.50.

Written by a widely known businessman who has served in the highest capacity to which his denomination could elect him, and by one who has served publishers of religious books in an editorial capacity, this volume achieves the author's intention of making it practical and highly readable for both laymen and "religious" workers.

The church and its professional leadership, so the authors contend, have missed the point of their calling. There is no such thing as a religious area of life. Religion can be evidenced only in the actual experiences of human be-

ings. Jesus revealed this fact, but his successors have been either incapable or unwilling to insist that all aspects of life must be religious. Mr. Babson indicts denominational leaders and ministers for being more interested in their jobs than in making Christian all the areas of experience. All his darts are not concentrated upon the clergy, however. The stupidity and selfishness of his fellow-businessmen come in for the same indictment. But the line between church business and secular business has been almost negligible, and for this the church leadership deserves a greater excoriation.

Underlying the pertinent analyses of both men is the assumption that "the earth is the Lord's" and that all that is within it must be treated so. God is power, and, because Jesus recognized this and could avail himself of God's power, his evidence of God's all-inclusiveness was incontrovertible.

Religion, then, is one's expression of faith in the power of God. Without such faith the Bible is meaningless and religious leaders impotent.

Despite the author's oversimplification of the problem of evil and insufficient recognition of human limitations, the reader—and one hopes there will be many—cannot avoid the main issues, namely, the fact of God, Jesus' example in using God's power, and man's moral responsibility. This is a prophetic message, deeply earnest in spirit and arrestingly uttered.

VICTOR OBENHAUS

THROUGH A DEAN'S OPEN DOOR

By Herbert E. and Anna L. Rose Hawkes. McGraw-Hill, 1945. xv+242 pp. $2.50.

For more than fifty years the "Mark Hopkins on a log" doctrine received some mention in the theory of both secular and religious education, but it has been only within the past decade that colleges and universities have given it much consideration in actual practice. Even today the institutions of higher learning which place the individual student above regulations, standards, and administrative machinery are painfully few. However, among those schools which have carried forward a significant personnel program, Columbia College of Columbia University, New York, has long been outstanding. The person most largely responsible for that development, as well as for the ambitious personnel and guidance program now taking shape under the sponsorship of the American Council on Education, was the late Dean Hawkes.

Although Dean Hawkes was a distinguished mathematician, his greatest contributions were to the development of the resuscitated emphasis on "the student as a whole" point of view in American education. The genesis of this book, intended as "a guide for students, parents, and counselors," was an invitation from the American Council on Education in 1937 to Dean and Mrs. Hawkes, formerly dean of women at George Washington University, urging them to prepare a volume "outlining the problems of college students from the nontechnical, nonpathological point of view, with particular emphasis on the average student." *Through a Dean's Open Door* is the tangible result of that request, though the work of writing was not begun until 1941. With the exception of the last chapter, "The College and the Student," written by Mrs. Hawkes following the death of her husband last spring, the project was a joint enterprise throughout, thereby making the finished product doubly significant.

Here, in simple, experience-rooted language is the story of the practical application of the student personnel point of view, a philosophy which incorporates Montaigne's dictum: "We have not to train up a soul nor yet a body, but a man, and you cannot divide him." The student's intellectual capacity and achievement, emotional makeup, physical condition, social relationships, vocational aptitudes and skills, moral and religious values, economic resources, and aesthetic appreciations all come in for illustrative treatment, based on Dean Hawkes's rich counseling experience of more than thirty years. During that time, according to George F. Zook, president of the American Council on Education, in his Foreword to the book, "his door was always open to students and teachers and, equally important, to new ideas."

While this little volume is admittedly intended for popular consumption, pastors, teachers, and social workers will find in it a

freshness of approach and a point of view which will make it well worth their reading and owning. Moreover, it definitely shows that personnel service, of the kind dealt with in these pages, represents a field of ever expanding opportunity for those who deal with youth, on either the secondary-school or the college level. The chapter on "Religion" will be found especially helpful, as it reflects the growing trend toward a new collaboration between education and religion.

At only one minor point would the writer of this review feel Inclined to take issue with the authors, namely, in their careless, if not deliberate, use of the term "instinct" (p. 211) in the chapter on "Discipline." Dishonesty, for example, can never be an instinct; it must be understood as a social derivative. Any other view of human conduct tilts the Pandorian lid, releasing a whole train of half-truths, at best, concerning human nature.

H. LEE JACOBS

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DEMOCRACY'S CHILDREN

By Ethel M. Duncan. Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, 1945. 188 pp. $2.00.

Miss Duncan presents in fictionalized form twelve classroom projects in intercultural education. These projects represent the distillation of her years of teaching in this field. She attempts to "pass along a few tested recipes for building attitudes of mutual understanding and appreciation among the children of varied ethnic groups who meet in the schoolrooms of America."

Each of the class projects described seeks to answer the questions: What can children of different races, different cultures, learn from each other? What have the cultures represented in the United States brought to the American heritage from the four corners of the earth? The children of the class themselves bring the answers. Ricardo Velasquez tells of his Spanish forebears and teaches his classmates how to say the days of the week in Spanish. Greta Nilsson describes the Swedish Little Christmas festival, the Crown of Lights. When their own resources fail, the pupils invite older friends to visit the class to tell of strange places and customs.

Democracy's Children is valuable chiefly for its wealth of concrete suggestions of techniques to be used in intercultural education. Many of these techniques have value for the church school. However, there is danger, too, in Miss Duncan's methods. Many of her projects are superficial in their teaching content. There is little value in teaching how to say the days of the week in Spanish without any further instruction in that language; or in describing and re-enacting the Mexican Christmas *posada* festival without a study of the cultural and social background out of which the festival originated. Furthermore, if the cultural background of one child is singled out for study, his classmates may come to look upon him as someone "different "from themselves, and, therefore, as someone who does not belong. The teacher who uses this book should bear these dangers in mind.

Miss Duncan has prepared an exceptionally fine bibliography which should be a handy tool for any teacher in the field of intercultural relations.

EVERETT C. PARKER

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In the following list of books, added to Hammond Library since the last issue of the REGISTER, the starred books are especially commended by the Faculty to ministers who want fundamental study material in the various theological fields.

Bible Study:	HARRIS, PAUL, News from North of the Nile
	ROWLEY, H. H., Relevance of the Bible
	*SCOTT, R. B. Y., Relevance of the Prophets
Church History and History:	*BATES, M. S., Religious Liberty: An Inquiry
	*HORTON, W. M., Our Christian Faith
	MARTIN, HUGH, Christian Counter-attack
	MYERS, GUSTAVUS, History of Bigotry in the United States
	RIEGLER, G. A., Socialization of the New England Clergy
	WILBUR, E. M., A History of Unitarianism
	ZERNOV, NICOLAS, The Church of the Eastern Christians
Missions:	CHRISTY, ARTHUR (ed.), The Asian Legacy and American Life
	HARRISON, E. M., Heroes of Faith on Pioneer Trails
Psychology:	MURPHY, GARDNER (ed.), Human Nature and Enduring Peace
Practical Theology and Worship:	*GIBSON, G. M., The Story of the Christian Year
	HILTNER, SEWARD (ed.), Clinical Pastoral Training
	MUNK, K. H. L., By the Rivers of Babylon
	PAGE, KIRBY, The Will of God for These Days
	UNDERHILL, EVELYN, Light of Christ
Social Ethics and Sociology of Religion:	*BECKER, C. L., How New Will the Better World Be?
	BONTEMPS, A., and CONROY, J., They Seek a City
	BRANDT, KARL, The Reconstruction of World Agriculture
	CHASE, STUART, Democracy under Pressure
	FIELD, MARSHALL, Freedom Is More than a Word
	*HAYEK, F. A., The Road to Serfdom
	*LAIDLER, H. W., Social-economic Movements
	MOON, BUCKLIN, Primer for White Folks
	MUMFORD, LEWIS, City Development
	OVERSTREET, B. W., Freedom's People
	PAUL, L. A., The Annihilation of Man
	POWELL, A. V., Riots and Ruins
	SCHULTZ, T. W., Redirecting Farm Policy
	TYLER, A. F., Freedom's Ferment
	UNDERWOOD, KENNETH, Christianity Where You Live

Religious Education:

FAHS, S. L., Jesus: The Carpenter's Son
JORDAN, H. M. (ed.), You and Marriage
OVERTON, G. S., Marriage in War and Peace
WRIGHT, F. L., When Democracy Builds

Drama, Biography, and Literature:

CORWIN, NORMAN, On a Note of Triumph
KORNGOLD, RALPH, Citizen Toussaint
MIMS, EDWIN, Great Writers as Interpreters of Religion
ROBEY, J. B., The Innovator
WILLIAMS, TENNESSEE, The Glass Menagerie
WOODWARD, W. E., Tom Paine

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